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THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINE

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Newsweek

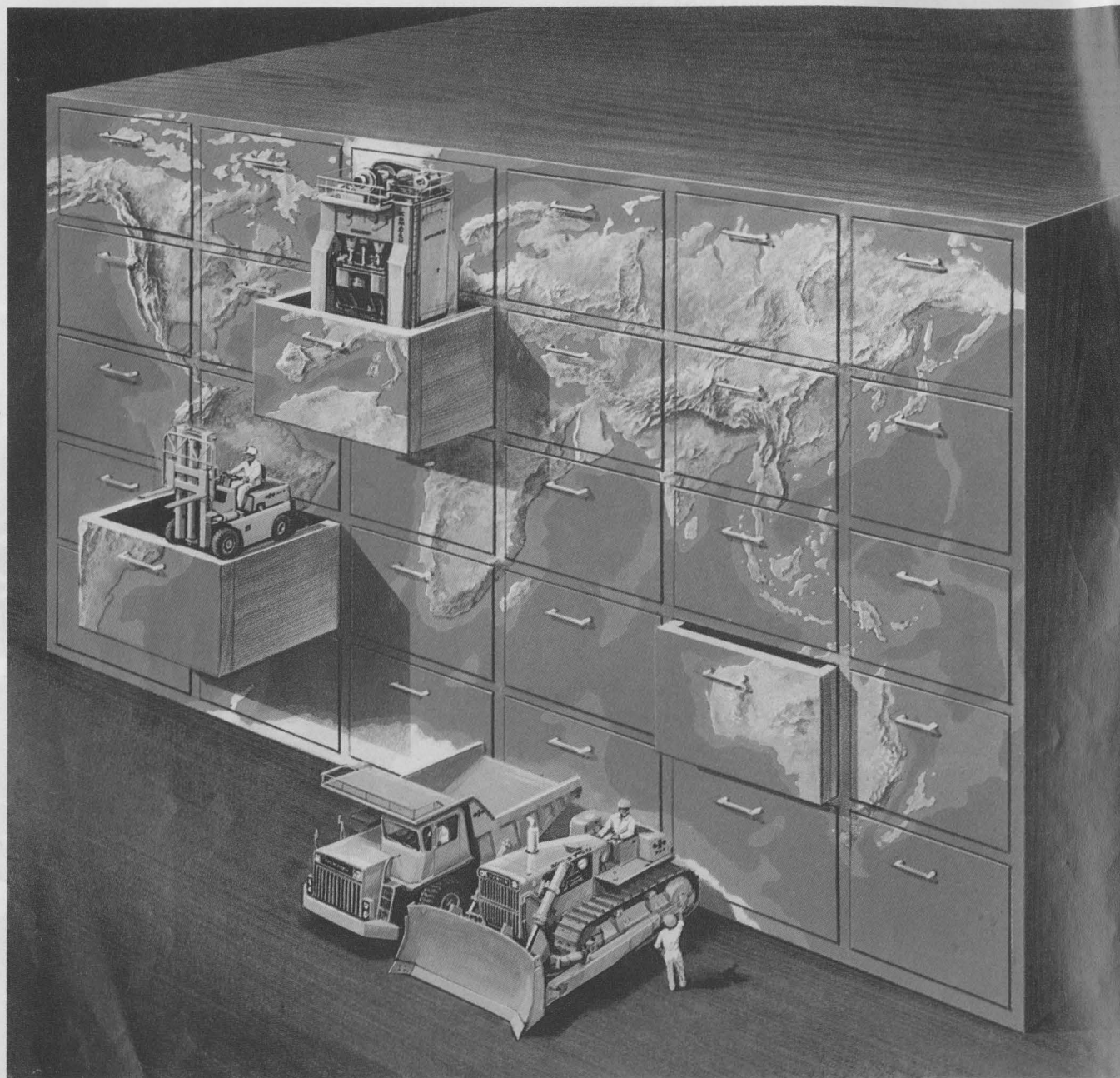
May 12, 1975

The Takeover



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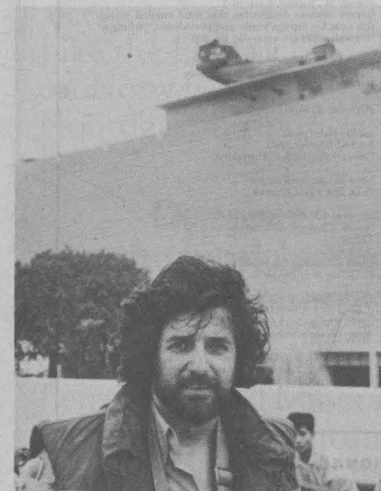
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Top of the Week

Hanoi's Takeover Page 8

America's agonizing struggle in Vietnam ended last week, but not with a special grace. The U.S. pulled out of Saigon in chaos and confusion, and while there was little loss of life, American marines had to club and kick panic-stricken Vietnamese to keep them off evacuation helicopters. Even as the U.S. made plans to resettle the 127,000 South Vietnamese it did evacuate, Americans reacted with ugly protests that showed how the rancor spawned by the war was lingering on. Moreover, the fall of Saigon ratified the exhaustion of America's activist foreign policy and left the nation's future global role in considerable doubt. A three-man team of Newsweek correspondents—



Proffitt (top) at Tan Son Nhut, Jenkins at U.S. Embassy in Saigon

Loren Jenkins and Nicholas C. Proffitt in Saigon on the U.S.S. Blue Ridge—filed for the cover report on America's final hours in Vietnam. In related pieces, Europe Regional Editor Edward Behr dissects the changing Indochina perspective of the French intellectual left, while Asia Regional Editor Richard M. Smith assesses the concern of international businessmen in Asia in the aftermath of the war. (Cover photo by Roger Pic-Gamma).

Superstar Soares Page 30

After winning 38 per cent of the vote in Portugal's first free elections in a half century, Socialist Party leader Mario Soares was busy last week solidifying his political future. With files from Miguel Accoca and Edward Behr, Russell Watson describes Soares's successful tactics. In a companion piece, Andrew Nagorski profiles Portugal's new political superstar.

Profitable Passion Page 46

Stamp collecting was once a hobby largely for kings and small boys. No more. As a record sale in Geneva last week demonstrated, philately, as the pastime is properly known, is enjoying a major surge of interest worldwide.



Carter S. Wiseman profiles the auction and examines the allure—and profitability—of the precious bits of paper.

Astronauts and Cosmonauts Page 54

Thirteen of America's astronauts were in Russia last week preparing for this summer's joint U.S.-Soviet space mission and getting a first look at the Russians' top-secret launching site. Moscow bureau chief Alfred Friendly Jr. reports on their impressions and provides a rare interview with the director of Soviet cosmonaut training.

Hanga by Karhu Page 51



Woodblock printing (*hanga*) is an ancient Japanese tradition. But now, remarkably enough, one of the foremost preservers of the art form is an American resident of Kyoto named Clifton Karhu. With files from Bernard Krisher in Japan, Daniel Chu profiles the artist.

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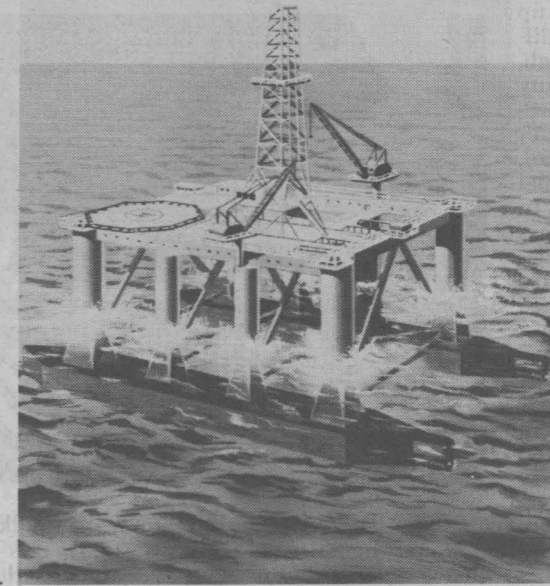
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New Products and Processes

Spring Cable

With more and more people using bicycles for urban travel, chains and cables have come into increasing use to protect bikes from theft. The average bike chain, however, is about 6 feet long, big enough to run through the spokes of the wheels and secure the bike frame to a stationary object—and big enough to be inconvenient to carry while riding. But now Loos & Co. of Pomfret, Conn., has come up with a safeguard that is radically different. Made of extremely tough, high-tensile steel with a heavy-duty plastic coating, this coil cable is pre-sprung so it winds up tightly under the bike seat when not in use (photo), yet unwinds to the length of a normal safety chain by simply stretching. In addition, the Kobrakoil weighs less than comparable bike-security devices: 9 ounces versus 3 pounds. Price: \$3.99 without padlock.

Power Tools

Creative Tools, Inc., of Bennington, Vt., has revolutionized the common screwdriver with its Easydriver, a unique hand-powered tool that can exert more than twice the torque of conventional screwdrivers. The added torque comes from a simple ratchet system within the handle, which is shaped like a doorknob. A twist of the knob applies pressure to the ratchet drive, producing the force that drives the screws. The Easydriver system comes with shafts of varying lengths and nine different bits that can turn the basic Easydriver screwdriver into a variety of tools. Price: \$6.95.

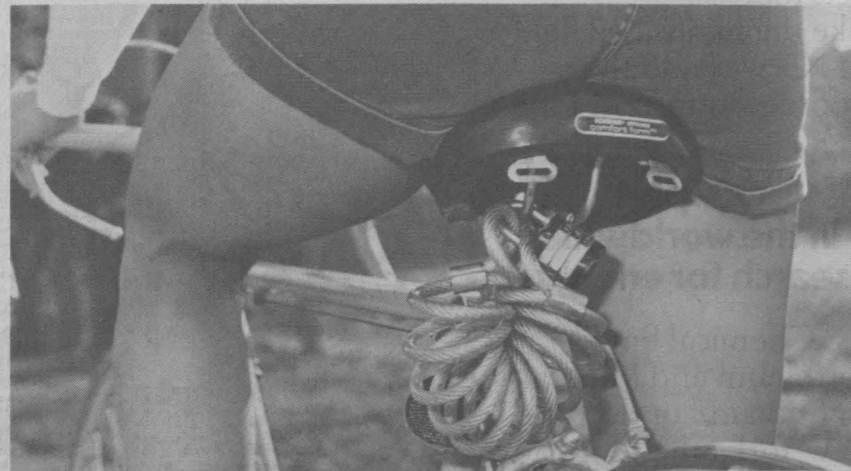
Laser Deflector

Matsushita Research Institute Tokyo, Inc., a subsidiary of Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., Ltd., has developed a new design for a light deflector that should have wide ramifications for the growing laser indus-

try. This acousto-optical device controls or changes the direction of a laser light beam through ultrasonic waves. It employs paratellurite (TeO₂) to give it little loss of reflected light while increasing the number of resolvable spots when the light beam is reconstructed. The new device effectively doubles the brightness of previous deflectors, thus making it possible to use cheaper helium-neon gas lasers for industrial purposes, instead of the more powerful and expensive argon lasers now in use. Matsushita expects the deflector to speed the development of lasered data-retrieval systems, high-speed printers and image-display systems.

Light Housekeeping

Because safe driving begins with good visibility, Germany's Porsche wants to insure that you can see clearly even through the soupiest fog.



Its 1975-model cars will feature an optional headlight-cleaning system that spray-washes the lights every bit as clean as the windshield. This device, which operates at a pressure of 2.5 atmospheres, has no moving parts and is therefore not subject to wear and tear. According to Porsche the device, which is serviced from an 8-liter water tank (as compared with 2 liters for most auto-windshield-washing units), is designed to operate at total efficiency throughout its entire life. The system is also constructed so that it will not be damaged by rotary car-washing machines.

Take a Letter

Thanks to SEND, a new remote-control system from Agovox, Ltd., of

Norwich, England, an executive can hook up to his office dictation machine from a phone anywhere in the world. The SEND unit uses varying sound frequencies to activate the dictation machine, commanding remote-control start and stop, reverse, playback, erasure by overspeaking and other functions normally available to someone dictating a letter in his own office. The SEND system is designed to work in conjunction with all Agovox dictating equipment.

Silver Power

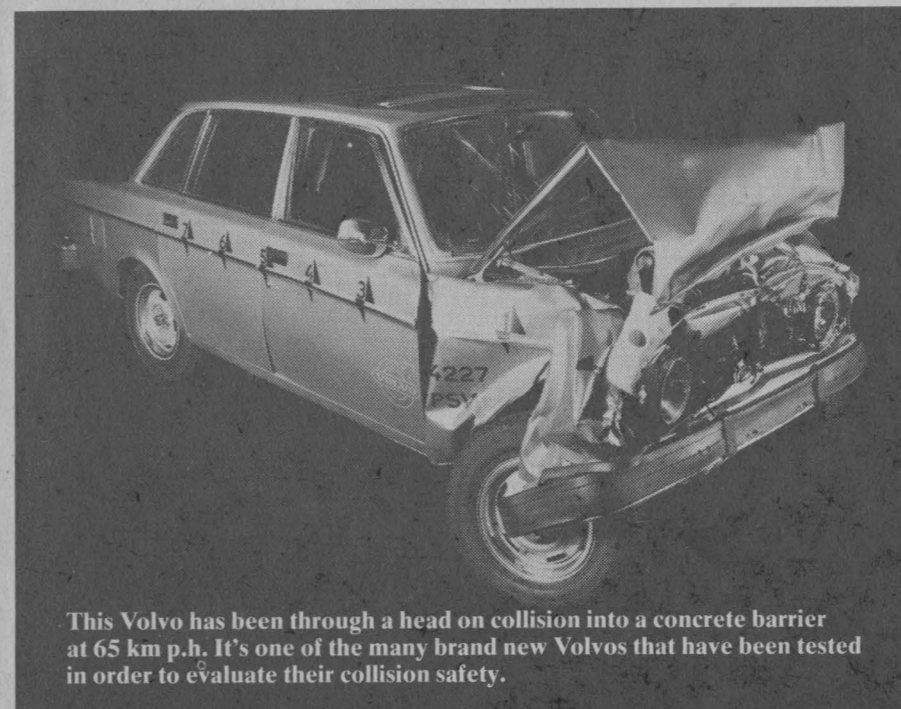
Large-scale commercially produced solar power is still thought to be years away, but a recent development could help bring electricity derived from the sun into use much sooner. Martin Marietta Aerospace of Denver, Colo., working with the Georgia Institute of Technology and the Gardner Mirror Corp. of North

Wilkesboro, N.C., has developed mirrors of thin, colorless glass backed with silver that reflect 90 per cent of the specular energy from a solar beam—about 27 per cent more than the reflective mirrors now used. A power plant of the future would employ these mirrors, or heliostats, to collect the sun's rays and reflect them into a solar furnace, which in turn would make steam to run a turbine. Because the reflectivity of the new-design heliostat is so high, 17 watts of power can be produced for each square foot of mirror used. This means that a 100-megawatt power station, which could supply power for a medium-size city, could be built with 5,870,000 square feet of mirror—an area about the size of 122 football fields.

—STEPHEN KINDEL

For further information, write Newsweek New Products Dept., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

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This Volvo has been through a head on collision into a concrete barrier at 65 km p.h. It's one of the many brand new Volvos that have been tested in order to evaluate their collision safety.

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An investigation into all fatal motor vehicle accidents occurring in Sweden during 1973, has proven Volvos' safety to be outstanding.

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Now more than 20% safer than the previous Volvos!

The occupant protection in the new Volvo 240-series has been compared to its predecessors, the Volvo 140-series. Equal tests of these models showed that the impact effects of such head-on collisions are reduced by more than 20%.

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We design them with large impact-absorbing front and rear ends and a reinforced passenger compartment to minimize the risk of injuries to the occupants.

We put powerful, robust engines into them (running on low octane petrol

- with efficient emission control), for fast, safe overtaking.

We give them nothing less than one of the world's safest and most efficient braking systems.

We make their steering and suspension extremely well-balanced and accurate to make them react quickly and easily.

And we put still more, lifesaving features into them - even though they take up valuable space.

Obviously, no one should cut down on safety when driving demonstrably gets more and more tense.

Neither do we sacrifice on comfort in our cars, knowing that every driver has to sit well to drive well - and to get himself and his family to places in safety.

A spacious interior with anatomically designed, fully adjustable seats is just one thing. But just as important are large windows, a wellarranged and easily accessible dashboard, a highly effective heating and ventilation system and ample noise insulation.

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CHRISTOPHER FARRAND
Suwon, South Korea

■ The concern of President Ford and his Administration over the effect on American credibility of U.S. actions in Southeast Asia must be causing a lot of peptic disorders in Washington.

But the fact is that American foreign policy lost its credibility years ago when Washington dispatched its troops to preserve the non-Communist regimes in South Vietnam and Cambodia. No foreign policy based exclusively on self-interest and implemented through acts of aggression can ever be described as "credible."

JOHN SHAW
Melbourne, Victoria

■ NEWSWEEK writes that "most [Americans] seem to feel that America had spilled more than its share of blood and treasure in Vietnam and that their country's immense sacrifice was sufficient expiation for any guilt or shame."

The U.S. lost 56,000 dead in Vietnam. Germany lost 3.5 million men in World War II. Are those losses sufficient expiation for the guilt of the Nazi heritage?

ROBERT MAJOR
Vienna

■ Your article made me wonder just how much time, money and lives it takes for the U.S. to learn a lesson in international politics. I only hope that, for the sake of the peace and prosperity of the rest of the world, such a trial-and-error search for "liberty" will not be repeated.

MIGUEL MEYER
Freiburg, West Germany

Trusting an Ally

In his interview with NEWSWEEK (ASIA, April 7), Sir Robert Thompson states that "the only lesson that will come out of the Vietnam war is: do not rely on the United States as an ally."

That ally came in mighty handy in two world wars. Or has Sir Robert forgotten?

ERNEST G. LAND
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Newsweek, May 12, 1975

Periscope



UPI



AP

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waiting for the results of Britain's June referendum on EEC membership before he makes his move.

MY MAN, MY MONEY, MY MOVIE



UPI

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While the U.S. has officially renounced first-strike use of chemical weapons, the Soviet Union thinks differently, according to top NATO officials. During a recent Russian war game, NATO intelligence has learned, Soviet forces opened their simulated attack on Western Europe by blanketing Denmark with a gas that renders its victims unconscious for 48 hours.

—JOHN A. CONWAY with bureau reports

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Singapore branch
simply reaffirms
what we've always
maintained***

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CHRISTOPHER FARRAND
Suwon, South Korea

■ The concern of President Ford and his Administration

Periscope



Frank Zarb



Donald Rumsfeld

RUMSFELD'S DREAM

With U.S. Treasury Secretary William Simon already acting like a political entry in his native New Jersey, the man most likely—and eager—to succeed him is Presidential chief of staff Donald Rumsfeld. "Rummy wants it bad," says a friend of the onetime Illinois congressman, adding that he thinks the Treasury post would give him the exposure to Big Business that he wants and would be a long stride toward his next goal, the governorship of Illinois. The betting is that Rumsfeld's successor would be energy chief Frank Zarb, who has impressed President Ford with his loyalty and skill in maneuvering on Capitol Hill.

SIR CHRISTOPHER TAKES AIM

Sir Christopher Soames, the Common Market's commissioner for foreign affairs, may be planning a political coup on his home turf. Previously barred from the upper echelons of Tory power because of personal differences with former Prime Minister Edward Heath, Soames is now said by friends and senior EEC officials to have his eye on the post of shadow Foreign Secretary under new party leader Margaret Thatcher. He is reportedly waiting for the results of Britain's June referendum on EEC membership before he makes his move.

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Connors and Borg



AP photos

CONNORS'S NEXT CHALLENGER

Jimmy Connors's next challenger may be Sweden's Bjorn Borg, currently ranked fourth in the world. Promoters in Sweden want to stage a \$400,000, winner-take-all match there later this year. The Swedish Lawn Tennis Association, however, threatens to block the event, partly because such matches are not sanctioned internationally but also because the association was kept out of the arrangements. If the LTA succeeds, the promoters plan to switch the match to Monaco, where Borg has now settled for tax reasons.

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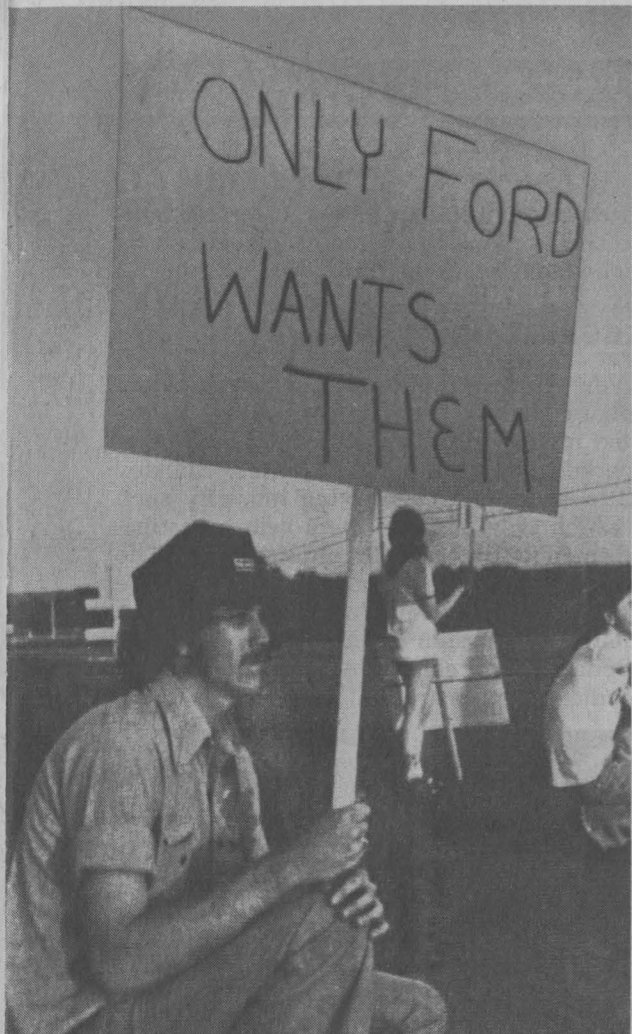
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UPI



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

An inhospitable welcome for Vietnamese refugees: The U.S. was not yet free of the rancor that the war had spawned

From Vietnam to What?

They came by the tens of thousands, on rickety sampans and crowded helicopters, on troop ships and transport planes—a swarm of South Vietnamese fleeing their conquered homeland for the refuge of the United States. In their wake, jubilant Communist soldiers—their rifles spiked with flowers—marched into the fallen capital of Saigon and gleefully nicknamed it “Ho Chi Minh City.” With that, a century of Western colonialism in Indochina came to an end. For all the chaos and confusion, there was little loss of life, but still America’s agonizing struggle in Vietnam did not slide gracefully into history. When panic-stricken Vietnamese tried to claw their way over the walls of the U.S. Embassy compound to safety, marines stomped on their hands and clubbed them with rifle butts. And even as the U.S. made plans to resettle the 127,000 South Vietnamese in their new land, there was an outpouring of ugly protest

across the nation—marring an otherwise honorable exit and demonstrating that the U.S. was not yet free of the rancor that the war had spawned.

At times last week, it seemed far easier to take Americans out of the war zone than to take the war out of Americans. Instead of basking in mutual relief, Congress and the White House continued to wrangle. Capitol Hill voted down the Administration’s request for humanitarian aid and President Ford shot back an angry letter saying the action was “not worthy of a people which has lived by the philosophy symbolized in the Statue of Liberty.” The two branches of government clashed again over a bit of now-ancient history: Richard Nixon’s secret promises to Saigon that the U.S. would respond “with full force” if North Vietnam violated the Paris accords. Even the Administration’s program to fulfill a “moral obligation” to the Vietnamese immigrants was greeted with initial hos-

tility, and the new Americans faced pockets of outright racism (page 14).

The Communist victories in Indochina also stirred fears about the future of Southeast Asia. Although a group of 590 foreigners was released by Cambodia’s Communist government, NEWSWEEK learned the Khmer Rouge had begun a bloodbath (box, page 9). In Saigon, the Communists offered few clues about reunification of their country, but they issued an order making it illegal to “act like Americans.”

In Europe, some U.S. allies feared that the Vietnam misadventure marked the end of America’s activist foreign policy and they began re-evaluating their own defense and diplomatic posture. After the painful experience in Vietnam, America’s global role was clearly shrinking. In the post-Vietnam era, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger somberly declared: “We must be very careful in the commitments we make.”

Up to the very end, the White House still hoped for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam. But it was not to be. Ford was in the midst of a meeting on energy policy when Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, his deputy assistant for national-security affairs, walked in and whispered that “Option Four”—a helicopter airlift—might be inevitable. For several hours, Ford reserved decision. Finally, Maj. Gen. Homer Smith, the U.S. defense attaché, reported that Saigon’s Tan Son Nhut airport could no longer be used. “The situation is out of control,” Smith growled. Fifteen minutes later, U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin was on the phone. Option Four, he reported, was the only way out of South Vietnam, and at 10:51 p.m. on April 28, Ford gave the order. Operation “Frequent Wind” was under way (following story).

‘I AM PROUD OF IT’

The airlift began and ended before Congress ever got around to granting Ford the authority to use U.S. troops to evacuate the South Vietnamese, but that did not deter the President. Pressed to defend his action, he replied: “I took them out because they would be killed. I am proud of it.” But the lawmakers balked at authorizing \$327 million for the purpose of humanitarian aid. The snag was that the bill included a provision giving Ford the authority to send American combat troops to Vietnam to protect an evacuation, and the President asked that the clause remain in the proposed legislation. Fearful that such authority might be used to justify some future U.S. military action in Vietnam, the House of Representatives turned the measure down with a resounding 246-to-162 vote. Ford was furious. When he heard the news, the President snapped “Goddammit”—about the harshest expletive in his vocabulary.

Ford and the Congress even sniped at each other over a completely moot point—the secret pledges that Nixon made to the Saigon government. A former South Vietnamese official released two letters, written in November 1972 and January 1973, in which Nixon promised that the U.S. would “take swift and severe retaliatory action” and would “respond with full force” if Hanoi violated the Paris cease-fire agreement.* That language seemed far stronger than Nixon’s public statement in 1973 that the U.S. “will not tolerate violations of the agreement.” It also seemed far stronger than a pledge to “react vigorously,” which was how the Ford White House described the commitment contained in the letters. Congress was openly angry that it had been repeatedly accused by the Ford Administration of failing to live up to “commitments”—but was never

*In a bizarre postscript to the flap, handwriting analyst Charles Hamilton said the letters did not appear to be signed by Nixon himself since the signatures included the second “r” in “Richard” and the “o” in “Nixon”—two characters that the ex-President habitually dropped in signing his name. But no one denied that Nixon sent the letters.

told what those commitments were in the first place.

In this era of bad feelings, the ranks of Kissinger’s detractors seemed to be growing. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, a Democrat, called on Ford to replace Kissinger, and a Republican National Committeeman declared: “He has to go.” He probably won’t, not in the near future at least. Ford himself appeared to remain a Kissinger fan, and for his part, Kissinger showed no signs of departing. And the reports of a Commu-

nist blood bath in Cambodia was certain to give Kissinger’s critics pause.

Considerable readjustment may be needed. “A consequence of the events in Southeast Asia,” Defense Secretary James Schlesinger maintained, “has been to shake the confidence of many countries in American power and particularly in American steadfastness.” Both Greece and Thailand ordered the U.S. to reduce its military presence, the Philippines considered abrogating its mutual defense treaty with the U.S., and



AP

Exodus from Cambodia: Foreigners leave, but a purge reportedly begins

‘BLOOD BATH’ IN CAMBODIA

The new Communist regime in Cambodia has begun a massive blood bath, according to radio intercepts by U.S. intelligence. “Thousands have already been executed,” a U.S. official told NEWSWEEK at the weekend. The wholesale purge could ultimately lead to the slaughter of “tens of thousands of Cambodians loyal to the Lon Nol regime,” the official said. The first victims of the blood bath were said to be officers of the Cambodian Army and some government officials. All officers down to the rank of second lieutenant were to be killed along with their wives, the intercepts were said to indicate.

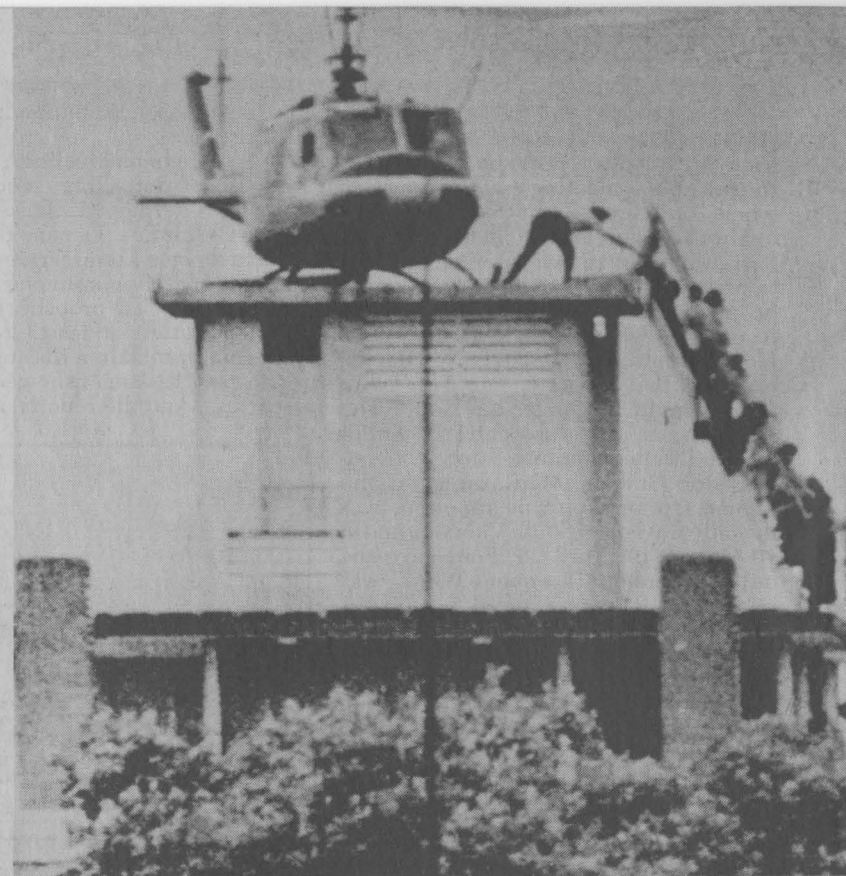
Sources said that the United States intercepted official Khmer Rouge radio transmissions in which the orders for the killings were given, as well as field radio reports saying that the initial round of executions had been carried out. The sources said that the killings were not isolated cases but

part of a full-fledged campaign. “I am not speculating,” one official told NEWSWEEK’s Arnaud de Borchgrave. “I am not dealing in third-hand reports. I am telling you what is being said by the Cambodians themselves in their own communications.”

The reports of the blood bath came as a group of 590 foreigners (including six journalists) was allowed to leave Cambodia and cross the border into Thailand. They left behind an additional 100 to 200 foreigners who remained restricted to the French Embassy in Phnom Penh. The journalists who were among the evacuees said they had agreed not to discuss their two-and-one-half-week ordeal “to ensure the safety of those still left in Phnom Penh.” Cambodia has had no telephone or telegraph communications with other nations since the Khmer Rouge take-over, and U.S. intelligence officials suggested that the blood bath was one reason for the news blackout.



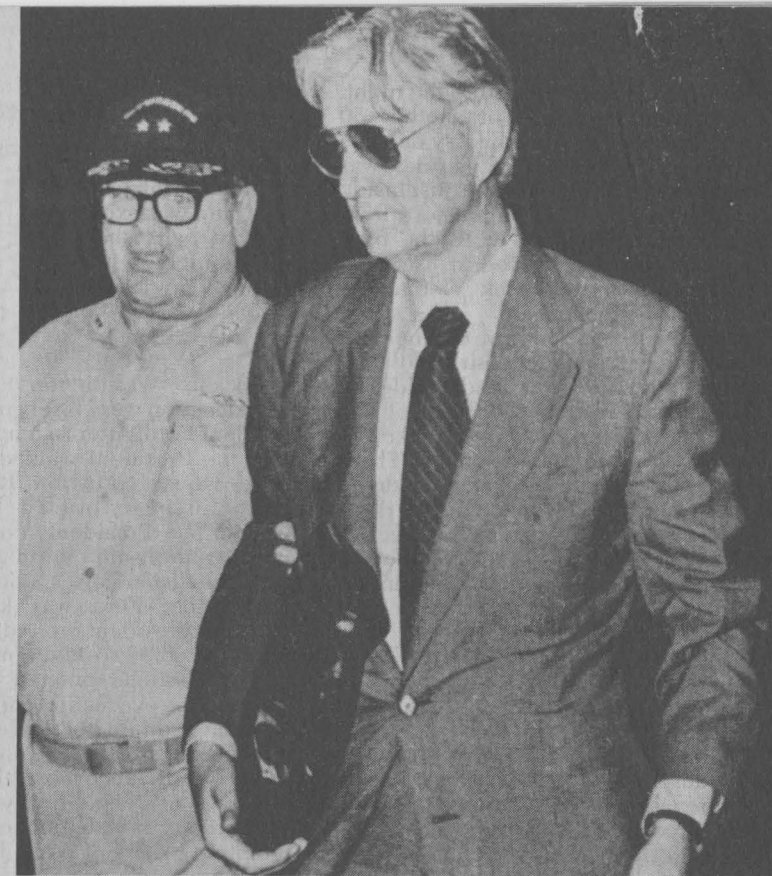
One for the memory book: Marine mans the wall



The big escape: Atop a building in downtown Saigon, a U.S. crewman



shepherds a line of evacuees into a waiting helicopter



Martin arriving on the Blue Ridge: Drained of all emotion

even Japan and Britain planned to recognize the Communist regime in Saigon. Of greater concern to the U.S. was the possibility that North Korea might loose an attack on South Korea, thus forcing America to decide whether to embroil U.S. troops in another Asian war—or renege on another commitment.

Not everyone viewed America's post-Vietnam position so pessimistically. Some held that with the pullout from Saigon, America had at last freed itself to deal with other, more important, foreign-policy problems. They pointed out that Ford was scheduled to travel to Europe later this month for visits to Spain and Italy, a meeting with Western leaders at a NATO conference and crucial talks with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat on the prospects for progress in the Mideast.

In his travels, President Ford will inevitably be dogged to some degree by the ghost of Vietnam. The lift-off of the last U.S. marines from Saigon was seen by some as a symptom of the exhaustion of a foreign policy that the U.S. had pursued since the second world war. Now, it was uncertain just what policy would replace the old activism. One thing, however, was clear. For years to come, the tragic and tormenting experience of the war in Vietnam—and the decisions taken by six American Presidents—would continue to resonate in international affairs. America had lost its bearings in Vietnam and now its task was to find a new direction.

—RICHARD STEELE with HENRY HUBBARD and TOM JOYCE in Washington

Eleven marines crouched on the flat roof of the U.S. Embassy, nervously fingering their M-16 rifles. From time to time, shots rang out from below, where thousands of Vietnamese milled about angrily in the embassy courtyard. Other Vietnamese were already rampaging through the lower floors of the six-story building, trying to make their way up tear-gas-filled stairwells. Suddenly, the whine of a helicopter could be heard in the distance and the marines fired a red-smoke grenade to mark their position. As the U.S. CH-46 Sea Knight touched down on the roof, the marines piled into the chopper. The last man scrambled aboard with the embassy's American flag—neatly folded, and stuffed inside a brown-paper bag.

At long last, America's military involvement in Vietnam was over. While Operation Frequent Wind, the final American evacuation, was a logistical success, four U.S. marines were killed on that final day—bringing to 56,559 the number of Americans who died in Vietnam. One more horrifying picture, too, was added to the tortured American memory book: U.S. marines using rifle butts to smash the fingers of desperate Vietnamese trying to make it over the wall of the embassy to safety. At the end, even indomitable Graham Martin, the last American ambassador to Vietnam,

seemed, like most of his countrymen, drained of emotion. When he arrived aboard the evacuation command ship Blue Ridge, Martin was asked how he felt. He replied: "I am hungry."

It was the biggest helicopter lift of its kind in history—an eighteen-hour operation that carried 1,373 Americans and 5,595 Vietnamese to safety. Yet in sheer numbers, the feat was overshadowed by the incredible impromptu flight of perhaps another 65,000 South Vietnamese. In fishing boats and barges, homemade rafts and sampans, they sailed by the thousands out to sea, hoping to make it to the 40 U.S. warships beckoning on the horizon. Many were taken aboard the American vessels, while others joined a convoy of 27 South Vietnamese Navy ships that limped slowly—without adequate food or water—toward an uncertain welcome in the Philippine Islands. Hundreds of South Vietnamese also fled by military plane and helicopter, landing at airfields in Thailand or ditching their craft alongside American ships.

The last dramatic act in the Vietnam drama began when Communist shells started raining down on Tan Son Nhut Air Base. Not satisfied with reports from the scene, Ambassador Martin—in a singular act of bravado—decided to drive out to the airport to take a look for himself. When he returned to the embas-

The Day of the Copters

sy, Martin called Secretary of State Kissinger and Adm. Noel Gayler, commander in chief of U.S. forces in the Pacific, to discuss evacuation. They decided the military situation had deteriorated too far to use Options One, Two or Three, which were all based on transport planes flying out of Tan Son Nhut. They had to go with Option Four—the much riskier helicopter evacuation.

When NEWSWEEK correspondent Loren Jenkins received the coded signal that the evacuation was on, he gathered up a small bag of belongings and drove to the side gate of the U.S. Embassy. Jenkins's report of the embassy's last day:

Inside the 15-foot concrete fence, an assortment of CIA agents, State Department volunteers and security guards roamed the embassy grounds armed with an amazing variety of weapons. Some carried grenade launchers, several toted antiquated submachine guns and a few even had bone-handled hunting knives stuck in their belts. Marines barked orders into walkie-talkies.

As I walked across the courtyard, I noticed marines were finally sawing down the giant tamarind tree in the rear parking lot to clear a landing zone for Jolly Green Giant helicopters. When Admiral Gayler made a secret visit to the embassy two weeks earlier, he had urged

Ambassador Martin to have the tree cut down. Martin ignored the advice. "To Martin, cutting down the tree represented the final acceptance that the jig was up—and he was constitutionally unable to do that," one embassy official told me. So for the past several days, embassy staffers had been sneaking out with axes and chipping away at parts of the tree trunk not visible to Martin.

Behind the parking lot in the swimming-pool area, several thousand Vietnamese waited with piles of suitcases and bundles of clothing. There were at least three generals in uniform, assorted South Vietnamese senators, a former mayor of Saigon, the police chief, a fire chief and all of his firemen wearing their back-flap hats, and Vietnamese employees of the embassy and their families. While they awaited the helicopters, hundreds of Vietnamese pushed into the unstaffed embassy cafeteria and helped themselves to everything from candy bars to bottles of California wine.

Within an hour of the alert, the embassy's tall white gates were besieged by hundreds of people desperate to get in. At one point, a trickle of Vietnamese was let through a side gate—touching off a small riot. So when Bui Diem, a former South Vietnamese ambassador to Washington, was spotted pushing up to the gate, he was quietly told to go around to the front where Marine guards quickly let him in. Gen. Dang Van Quang, a former corps commander who was once fired for corruption, also showed up at the side gate. The portly Quang was

allowed to squeeze in through the gate while his two Samsonite suitcases were passed over the fence. Once inside, he carefully dusted off his navy-blue suit before being led to the staging area by the embassy swimming pool.

Some Americans weren't so lucky. Four of them tried to get to the rear gate only to be turned back at gunpoint by South Vietnamese soldiers. Despite their pleas to be let in the side gate, they were refused entry or help and told by embassy officials to keep trying the back. "But I am an American citizen and this evacuation is supposed to be for me," one Steinberg shouted through the gate, waving his green passport. "If you don't let me in, you are going to leave me behind." I never saw him again.

'YOU KNOW THE OLD MAN'

In the midst of the growing chaos outside, Ambassador Martin decided he wanted to be driven home to pack his bags and pick up his black poodle, Nitnoy. His chauffeur's efforts to get out through the gate failed when the Marine guards were nearly overrun. So Martin left by a back way and walked the three blocks to his house. "You know the old man," one of his aides explained. "He doesn't like anyone to think he is ruffled by anything." Martin returned to the embassy compound an hour and a half later, trailed by his cook, two flak-jacketed security men carrying his suitcase and briefcase and another leading Nitnoy on a leash.

When it became obvious that the op-

eration was going to drag into the night, two choppers brought in another 50 marines to beef up the embassy defense perimeter. One squad of marines was deployed with fixed bayonets just inside the side gate to keep Vietnamese from trying to clamber over it. At the back gate, marines were forced to use their rifle butts to knock back Vietnamese trying to scale the fence.

At nightfall, cars and a fire engine were lined up in a square so their headlights would illuminate the helipad. Suddenly, an explosion rocked the front of the embassy. A passer-by on a motorbike had thrown a grenade into the crowd. There were many wounded, but nobody dared venture out to help them. In the darkened embassy lobby, marines checked their pistols and unsheathed bayonets. A short time later, the crunch of another explosion triggered fears that a mortar shell had hit the embassy. It turned out to be the CIA detonating an explosive device on communications equipment.

'OKAY, LET'S GO'

By midevening, the embassy was almost deserted of U.S. civilians. Open doors revealed offices stripped of everything important. Three days earlier, the embassy's most sensitive electronic gear had been loaded aboard a freighter docked in Saigon and sent downriver to safety.

Going up the back stairs toward the roof, I spotted Ambassador Martin outside his third-floor office saying good-bye to a few close aides. He had a soft word or two for each, and a hesitant pat on the back. Then we scurried up the crowded steps to the sixth floor to wait our chopper. Finally, we heard the order: 'Okay, let's go.' Just before I rushed aboard, I looked down toward the pool area. A couple of thousand Vietnamese were still waiting their turn. Soon, we were

high over the dark Saigon River. A bright yellow flare arched up and hung in the air. Off to the east, the Long Binh ammunition dump was exploding. Red fire balls shot high into the night. Out of the rear bay, I saw the lights of Saigon distantly—for the last time.

Back in Washington, the evacuation was closely monitored by President Ford. After issuing the order to "go," the President walked over to the White House Situation Room where Henry Kissinger briefed him on the pullout. The President returned to his quarters shortly after midnight. Running into a television correspondent who remarked that Ford was keeping late hours, the President replied: "With good reason." As the President prepared to go to bed, Kissinger phoned to get some advice on the evacuation announcement. Ford crawled into bed. Twenty minutes later, Kissinger called again to read him the final draft. Once more, the President tried to go to sleep. Shortly after 1 a.m., the Secretary of State phoned a last time. Operation Frequent Wind, he told Ford, had begun.

Not all the Americans in Saigon were evacuated from the U.S. Embassy. Along with scores of others, NEWSWEEK correspondent Nicholas C. Proffitt was lifted out from Tan Son Nhut airport aboard a Jolly Green Giant. Proffitt's report:

As our evacuation motorcade of two buses led by a U.S. Marine jeep wound through the streets of Saigon, Vietnamese stopped and stared at us with dead eyes. None smiled. None waved good-bye. Approaching Tan Son Nhut airport, we could see thick columns of smoke rising from around the field, and hear incoming Communist shells and small-arms fire. As the buses pulled up to the U.S. Defense Attaché's Office, a 122-mm. rocket slammed into the base only a few hundred yards away.

Originally, each of the Jolly Green Giants was to take 50 evacuees. But the marines, unsure how rapidly the military situation might deteriorate, decided to push the load up to 65 to get as many people out as possible. Consequently, we were told we would have to jettison our baggage. I watched Vietnamese take thick wads of money from their suitcases and stuff it into their shirts, blouses and pants—their stakes for building a new life when they got to America.

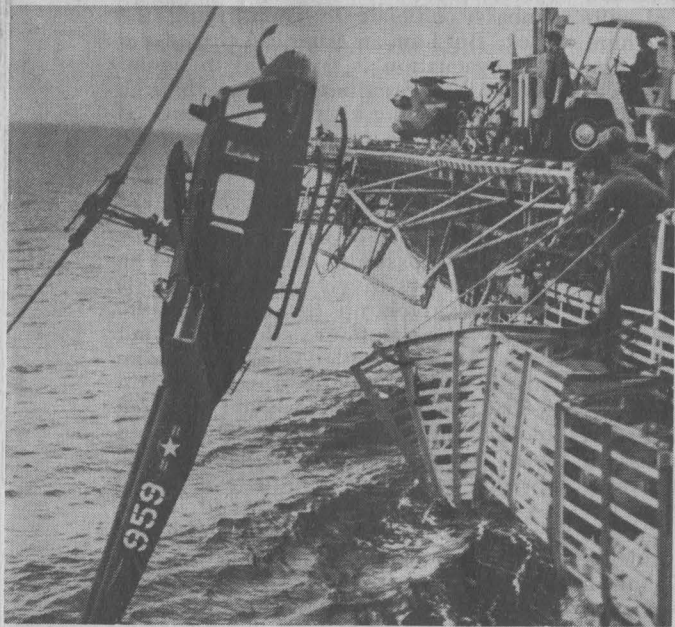
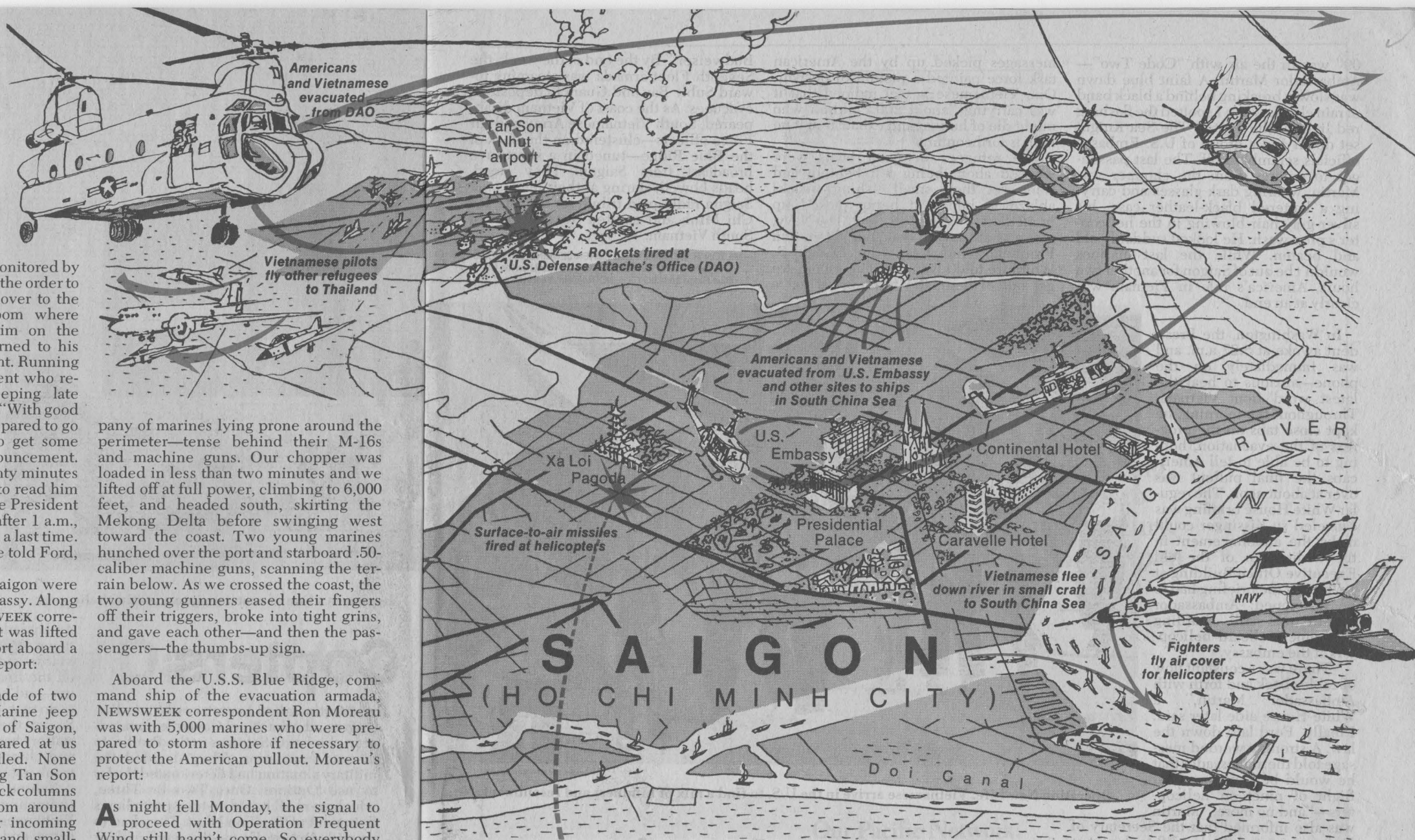
As we trotted across what had formerly been a basketball court to the waiting helicopters, we could see a com-

pany of marines lying prone around the perimeter—tense behind their M-16s and machine guns. Our chopper was loaded in less than two minutes and we lifted off at full power, climbing to 6,000 feet, and headed south, skirting the Mekong Delta before swinging west toward the coast. Two young marines hunched over the port and starboard .50-caliber machine guns, scanning the terrain below. As we crossed the coast, the two young gunners eased their fingers off their triggers, broke into tight grins, and gave each other—and then the passengers—the thumbs-up sign.

Aboard the U.S.S. Blue Ridge, command ship of the evacuation armada, NEWSWEEK correspondent Ron Moreau was with 5,000 marines who were prepared to storm ashore if necessary to protect the American pullout. Moreau's report:

As night fell Monday, the signal to proceed with Operation Frequent Wind still hadn't come. So everybody aboard the Blue Ridge was startled when the vessel's sirens began wailing shortly after dusk, and the call "Armed refugee reaction crews on the main deck" rang through the passageways. Sailors and marines racing toward the stern of the Blue Ridge saw a South Vietnamese Air Force CH-47 Chinook settling down on the small helipad on the aft deck. The door of the copter swung open and out scrambled twenty Vietnamese—including two women and two babies—dragging with them everything from mosquito nets to Hondas. As the pilot, Lt. Trung Ma Quoi, stepped from his helicopter, he told me: "The generals, colonels, majors and captains have left. I thought it was about time for the lieutenants to head to safety."

By midmorning of the next day—still hours before the start of the U.S. evacuation—the entire horizon was dotted with helicopters heading for the American fleet. Five olive-drab Vietnamese copters and two silver-and-blue Air



Marines push a copter off the USS Hancock

America choppers descended on the Blue Ridge in almost a dead heat. One of the Air America copters landed first, then a Vietnamese Chinook put down virtually on top of it. The whirling blades of the two copters clanged together and disintegrated, sending jagged pieces of metal flying across the deck. As the crew of the Blue Ridge dived for cover, the Vietnamese chopper teetered precariously. Finally its door opened, and crying women clutching their children scrambled out.

After sweat-stained sailors shoved the disabled craft over the edge, the other helicopters came in one by one and discharged their refugees. The pilots were then told to ditch in the sea. While several pilots did indeed ease their copters into the steel-gray ocean, a few of the cocky Vietnamese chose to make more spectacular exits. One took his Chinook up to 100 feet, pushed the stick to the left, and dived out the right side. The pilot of one Air America helicopter had trouble making up his mind. After

flying around the Blue Ridge—touching down several times, then abruptly pulling up—he finally jumped out and the helicopter slammed into the starboard side of the ship.

When Operation Frequent Wind got under way, all South Vietnamese helicopters were turned away from the Blue Ridge and only American choppers were allowed to land on the command ship. The vessel's surface-to-air missile batteries tracked all unscheduled copters until they headed elsewhere to seek sanctuary. In early afternoon, a Navy helicopter brought aboard former Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who only the week before had termed any Vietnamese planning to flee his country a "coward." A short time later, an Air America helicopter arrived carrying a load of high-ranking generals. One of them, Lt. Gen. Nguyen Van Manh, was accompanied by two aides who were straining under the weight of their attaché cases. When the ship's security officers took a look into the cases, they

found them to be loaded with gold bars.

Before the evacuation was even half over, the Blue Ridge was jammed to overflowing. Announcements blared out over the ship's public-address system, urging the new arrivals to double up and sleep in shifts in the triple-deck bunks below. Many of the exhausted marines returning from Saigon bedded down on deck or in passageways. As the Blue Ridge's security officers confiscated bottles of cognac and whisky from the evacuees and tossed them into the sea, loud groans went up from the crew. Many of the evacuees—both Americans and Vietnamese—were also carrying .45 automatics or pistols, and the security officers took these away as well. When one Vietnamese balked at handing over his weapons, a U.S. officer brusquely declared: "You won't be needing these any more. The war is over for you."

Through the long night, the evacuation continued. Finally, word came from the embassy that helicopter "Lady Ace

09" was in the air with "Code Two"—Ambassador Martin. A faint blue dawn was slowly breaking behind a black band of rain clouds when I spotted the flashing red light of the copter. The Sea Knight set down and a group of U.S. Embassy officials scrambled off. The last passenger to emerge from the chopper was Martin, wearing dark glasses and carrying a battered black-leather case, his silver-gray hair blowing in the helicopter's prop wash. He looked suddenly old and beaten. While the last marines wouldn't be out of Saigon for another two hours, America's role in Vietnam was clearly at an end.

In Washington, the President awoke at 5:27 a.m. and was immediately on the phone—anxious to hear the latest word from Vietnam. Throughout the morning, he kept close tabs on the progress of the evacuation, hoping to be able to tell Americans the final pullout was over at about noon. The regular White House briefing was canceled so Kissinger could make the announcement in the auditorium of the old Executive Office Building at 1 p.m. But the briefing had to be postponed: Ambassador Martin was still shuffling Vietnamese aboard helicopters at the embassy.

"There was a constant flow of cables back and forth with Ambassador Martin," a White House aide later said. Finally, Ford laid down the law. A strongly worded message told the ambassador that he would be sent one final flight of nineteen helicopters—"and no more." Martin was also informed that the Secretary of Defense wanted the last lift to depart at 3:45 p.m. The hour came and went, however, and still the embassy evacuation continued. Finally, at 4:45, Martin received a message that couldn't have been much blunter: "Load only Americans from now on." Fifteen minutes later, Kissinger told Ford it was time to go ahead with the long-delayed announcement. At 5:22, White House press secretary Ron Nessen told newsmen: "The last helicopters are in the air."

While the formal American evacuation was over, however, tens of thousands of Vietnamese were still putting out to sea. For two days, many of the ships of the U.S. armada lingered off the coast of Vietnam, plucking men, women and children from jerry-built rafts, sampans and fishing boats. At night, there were so many candles and lanterns burning on the water that from the air the offshore waters appeared to be a densely populated city. Most of the refugees set sail without taking on supplies, and radio

messages picked up by the American task force painted a picture of despair. One Vietnamese vessel radioed that it was carrying "about 200 children who might die of hunger and exhaustion if no help is forthcoming."

The refugees in small boats were worried about being left behind, and some set their small fishing smacks ablaze in hopes of being picked up immediately by the U.S. fleet. The Navy, too, was anxious to conclude Operation Frequent Wind. Rear Adm. Donald B. Whitmire told his men: "The sooner we get out of here, the faster we'll get a

Budweiser." By the end of the week, the Seventh Fleet armada was steaming toward Subic Bay and Guam to deposit its evacuees. As the coast of Vietnam disappeared, South Vietnamese Army and Air Force officers—clustered on the deck of the Blue Ridge—tuned in a shortwave broadcast from Saigon. They stood, heads bowed, staring at their feet as the Saigon radio paid tribute to the late Ho Chi Minh and exulted over the fall of South Vietnam.

—MILTON R. BENJAMIN with LOREN JENKINS and NICHOLAS C. PROFFITT in Saigon, RON MOREAU on the U.S.S. Blue Ridge and LLOYD H. NORMAN in Washington



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

Operation New Life: Vietnamese arrive in the U.S. to find a mix of kindness and resentment

The New Americans

At Guam's Asan Annex Naval Base, Tony Lam Quang, a 39-year-old Vietnamese refugee, proudly wears a plastic tag that announces his status as a camp manager. "Where will I go?" a middle-aged woman asks Tony. "I have no place to work. I'm afraid." "No, madam," replies Tony, putting his arm around her shoulder. "Everybody is treated equal in the States. Not like it used to be in our country. That's why we lost the war. It's cold in America right now, so don't be so impatient."

The mood in the community of Barling, Ark., near Fort Chaffee, is venomous and a group of residents gathers to complain about the refugees. "They say it's a lot colder here than in Vietnam," says Mrs. Ohnnie Calhoun. "With a little luck, maybe all those Vietnamese will take pneumonia and die."

Even as the first Vietnamese refugees began arriving in their new homeland last week, the outcry began to swell. A Gallup poll revealed that an astonishing 54 per cent of Americans thought that the dispossessed should be resettled—somewhere else. The predominant reason for all the hostility and resentment seemed to be a fear that the new arrivals would quickly join the welfare rolls and perhaps even compete with out-of-work Americans for scarce jobs. But beyond a doubt, there was also an ugly blend of racism mixed with sourness over the nation's long and bitter Indochina venture. In one of the crueler and more mindless attacks, high-school children at Fort Walton Beach, near Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, spoke of forming a "gook klux klan."

In Congress, liberals who had long been in the forefront of the antiwar



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JAPAN AIR LINES

movement were remarkably unenthusiastic about welcoming thousands of Vietnamese refugees. Sen. George McGovern declared: "I think the Vietnamese are better off in Vietnam, including the orphans." And although Congress in 1956 had lavishly praised the valor of the Hungarian "freedom fighters," this time there were no such expressions of admiration. Instead, some congressmen—joined by state and local government officials—made it plain they didn't want Vietnamese refugees on their turf at all.

Clearly, America was not rolling out its national hospitality wagon, yet the reception for the Vietnamese wasn't entirely bleak. Many initial fears began to fade when it became evident that the refugees did not carry dread Oriental diseases and that they would hardly make a dent in the employment picture. The first wave of refugees, moreover, were mainly middle-class people who spoke some English and had professional backgrounds. And for every picket who wanted to bar their way into American society, there were scores of local community organizations that were preparing to make their entry as smooth as possible.

NUMBERS GAME

No one seemed to have a clear idea of exactly how many South Vietnamese were coming. At first, Ford Administration officials guessed the figure was at least 50,000, but that changed almost hourly and by late in the week the State Department claimed there might eventually be as many as 127,000 Vietnamese under U.S. care and in need of sanctuary. Although L. Dean Brown, a highly competent former ambassador to Jordan, was named to head the interagency task force to handle humanitarian assistance and refugee problems, his group was not established until April 18 and has been trying desperately ever since that time to get on top of the snowballing problem. Congressional criticism was sharp, and Sen. Edward Kennedy, chairman of a special refugee subcommittee, accused government officials of "catastrophic bungling."

There were frantic preparations at the three big military bases that had been designated as staging and processing centers for the thousands of refugees who began streaming into the country by airlift from Guam and the Philippines—the Marines' Camp Pendleton in southern California; Fort Chaffee in southern Arkansas and Eglin Air Force Base in the Florida panhandle. At Pendleton, a sprawling base that served as the main staging area for marines shipping out to Vietnam during the war, hundreds of tents were erected to house the refugees,

and marines worked around the clock setting up mess halls, sanitation facilities and special PX exchanges for their Vietnamese guests. At Fort Chaffee, a base used primarily for summer training by Army reservists, soldiers busily readied ancient wooden barracks unused since the end of World War II. And from Washington, droves of immigration officials and other bureaucrats arrived for the long and tedious task of screening and processing the refugees before releasing them to charitable agencies that would oversee their resettlement all around the country and overseas.

Despite the sour notes on which Operation New Life began in the U.S., the response of many volunteer agencies and church groups was conspicuously generous. Starting this week, for instance, every Lutheran church in north-

liken asserted that while hearts and homes had been opened wide for Vietnamese orphans, the same spirit of hospitality did not apply to Vietnamese adults. Similar themes were echoed by congressmen in Washington, many of whom were deluged with letters and phone calls from constituents protesting the arrival of Vietnamese refugees in the U.S. The burden of the complaints was on economic ground, but the racial overtones were there, too. "If you have to bring in foreigners, bring them from Mexico, not Vietnam," one letter to New Mexico Congressman Manuel Lujan insisted. Letters to Rep. Dante Fascell of Miami ran "overwhelmingly against" the Vietnamese; "the memory of Miami's Cuban refugees," an aide explained, "is in the forefront of everybody's mind."



The refugees' ragtag armada: Hour by hour, the number of escapees swelled to 127,000

ern California will sponsor a Vietnamese family. Joining together in groups of ten, the churches will provide joint facilities to serve as resource and orientation centers to provide guides, interpreters, health care, clothing, food and special courses in English and other skills needed to cope with American society. U.S. servicemen, whether on Guam, at Camp Pendleton or at Fort Chaffee, went out of their way to be friendly, courteous and helpful to their South Vietnamese guests. And finally, the refugees themselves provided an object lesson in amiability, courage, optimism and self-discipline and cheerful gratitude for all the help they received.

The hostility toward the Vietnamese exiles tended to be harshest in communities with high unemployment rates. In Michigan, for example, a spokesman for liberal Republican Gov. William G. Mil-

Even in the corridors and cloakrooms of Capitol Hill, cruel and denigrating slurs upon the Vietnamese could be heard. "You hear cracks being made," lamented one liberal congressman. "Not outright racist cracks, maybe, but cracks—such as, 'They'd make nice bookends, because they're small.' There's a very unsympathetic response up here. Maybe it's because we called them gooks when we were fighting on their side and still feel that way."

'TOO MANY ORIENTALS'

Nowhere, it seemed, was there quite such apprehension over the influx of refugees as in California, where early and wildly inaccurate reports that as many as 1 million Vietnamese might settle in the state caused a near panic. Still echoing those early fears, Republican Rep. Burt L. Talcott suggested that,

"damn it, we have too many Orientals already. If they all gravitate to California, the tax and welfare rolls will get overburdened and we already have our share of illegal aliens." And the mayor of the town of Vista, near Camp Pendleton, declared that in his view, while "I feel it is our humanitarian duty to aid these people, they should be placed in the Orient where they would be in a familiar environment."

To dispel fears and uneasiness, and to sort out at least some of the confusion, government officials at Fort Chaffee held a quickening round of briefings for civic leaders. Among other things, the officials insisted that fears of Vietnamese bringing exotic tropical diseases with them were pure "nonsense," and gave assurances that refugees screened and processed at Fort Chaffee would subsequently be spread out to all 50 states and even overseas.

GOODWILL IN ARKANSAS

Eventually, goodwill and public relations combined to damp down much of the bitterness that had festered all week around Fort Chaffee. Before long, many townsfolk were determined to make the Vietnamese feel at home during what everyone hoped would be a brief stay. In nearby Barling, a Baptist minister chided his neighbors for their "un-Christian" attitude toward the refugees. And dozens of civic organizations, schools and churches offered English lessons, free legal advice and donations of food, clothing and toys. When the first contingent of 70 refugees finally did arrive—a group that included six nurses, five lawyers, four plastic surgeons, three physicians and the former head of Air Vietnam—nearly 500 people and the local high-school band were on hand at the airport to greet them.

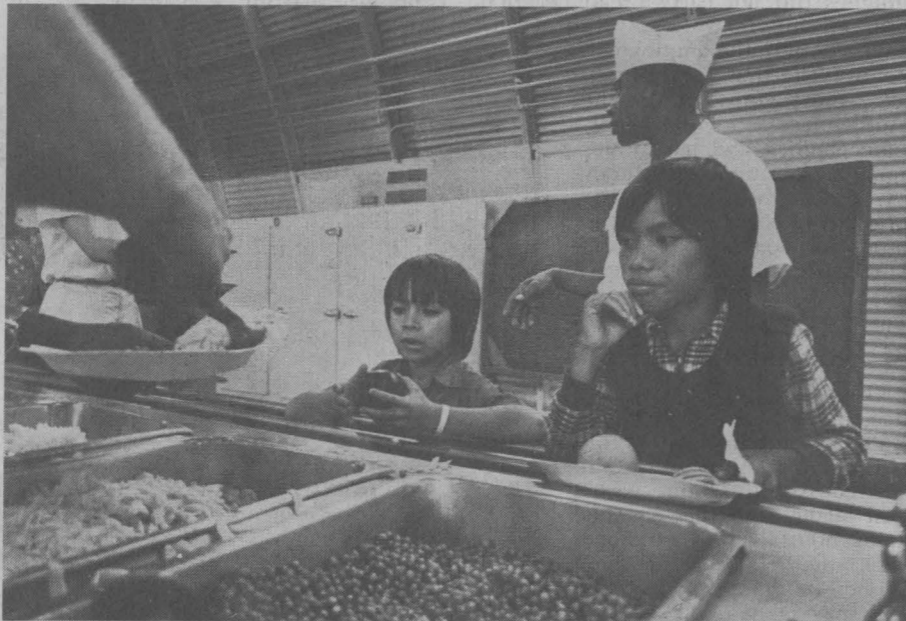
Even Arkansas Gov. David Pryor

turned out at the airport. "If you encounter some who are unfriendly," Pryor told the refugees in a brief welcoming ceremony, "remember that they are people like yourselves who have met unknown circumstances and are less than certain how to deal with them." The first Vietnamese off the airplane expressed his sense of gratitude. "We thank all you for this," said Dr. Lam Van Thach. "We had to leave our country, all that we have, all that we fought for the past twenty years. We hope that the U.S. Government will give us a chance to start again our lives, our new lives."

By last week, more than 20,000 Vietnamese of all ages were sheltered on Guam. Most of them lived in tents erected at Orote Point, a World War II Japa-

nese airstrip recently bulldozed clear of jungle underbrush by U.S. Navy Seabees. Christened "Camp Fortuitous" by some military PR man, the tent city soon took on the air of a dusty, provincial town in Southeast Asia—complete with such American amenities as electric lights, showers, snack bars and the inevitable mobile PX. The refugees seemed in remarkably good spirits—partly, perhaps, the result of a round-the-clock feast served up by Navy chefs. "The food has improved considerably," said one Vietnamese evacuee. "At first, they didn't understand and we got only rice and soy sauce. Now, we get everything—even hamburgers. They feed us more than we can possibly eat."

At California's Camp Pendleton,



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

Chow line at Pendleton: Creamed chicken, steamed rice and 18,000 chopsticks

where more than 12,000 refugees had arrived by the end of the week from Guam, the Philippines and from tiny Wake Island, all was frantic activity. Virtually overnight, marines on the 194-square-mile base hugging the Pacific shoreline had carved out scores of tent cities from the yellow, weed-flecked countryside. Everywhere, platoons of leathernecks were hacking weeds, erecting tents, drilling holes for electric and telephone lines, swabbing floors and trucking in endless rows of air mattresses, Army cots, pillows and blankets. To many of the Vietnamese, the constant whir of helicopters overhead, the rumble of military trucks on the roads and the crump of artillery from the nearby hills where marines were on maneuvers seemed a familiar, homelike touch.

Most of the exiles arriving in the first few days were a far cry from the war-weary refugees Americans had been watching on their TV screens during the final agony of South Vietnam's collapse. "I had been expecting people with tattered, torn clothing and the marks of

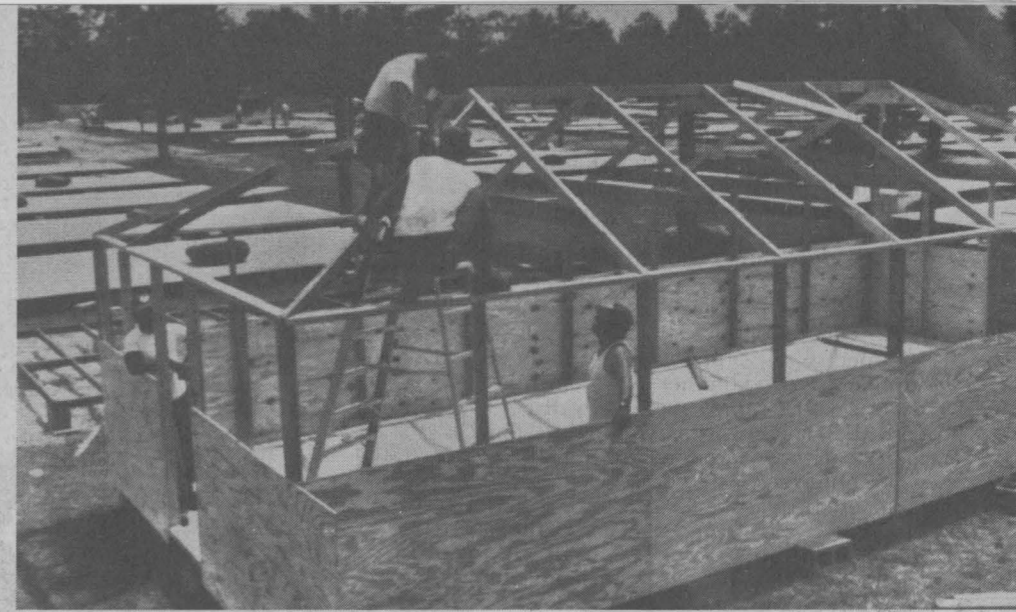
THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

battle," commented one young marine observing a busload of fresh arrivals turn into the campsite, "but you just don't see that. These people certainly aren't your field-crop workers."

FLOCKS OF RELATIVES

Most in the first batch were wives and children of Americans and rather well-heeled Vietnamese employees of American companies. They came with a flock of extended-family members ranging from wives to distant cousins. Some had had sufficient time to snatch up tennis rackets, transistor radios and even bicycles before taking off from Saigon airport. And only occasionally were women dressed in the traditional *ao dais*; most of the women were fashionably coiffed and clothed in tight-fitting flare pants, their children crisply turned out in matching outfits or shirts and jeans.

"These people are much more educated than I thought," said one young



'Hooch' city: Emergency housing for refugees goes up at Eglin Air Force Base



Lester Sloan—Newsweek

New Americans with a new friend: A chat with a Marine officer at Camp Pendleton

Marine cook as he heaped some steaming noodles and creamed chicken on the plate of one Vietnamese in the mess hall. "They're so well-dressed and nearly all speak English. But," he added after a moment's thought, "I guess we'll have to order chopsticks for the lower classes." (Sure enough, within a couple of days Marines at Pendleton had rounded up more than 18,000 chopsticks, which they bought off-base out of their own pocket.)

For some of the arrivals it was only a matter of minutes before they could leave the tents and huts behind and move on for resettlement. Such was the

tearful reunion with the family she had not seen for eight years. "At last, we don't have to worry about them getting killed," she wept. "And if I can adapt to this country, then they can too."

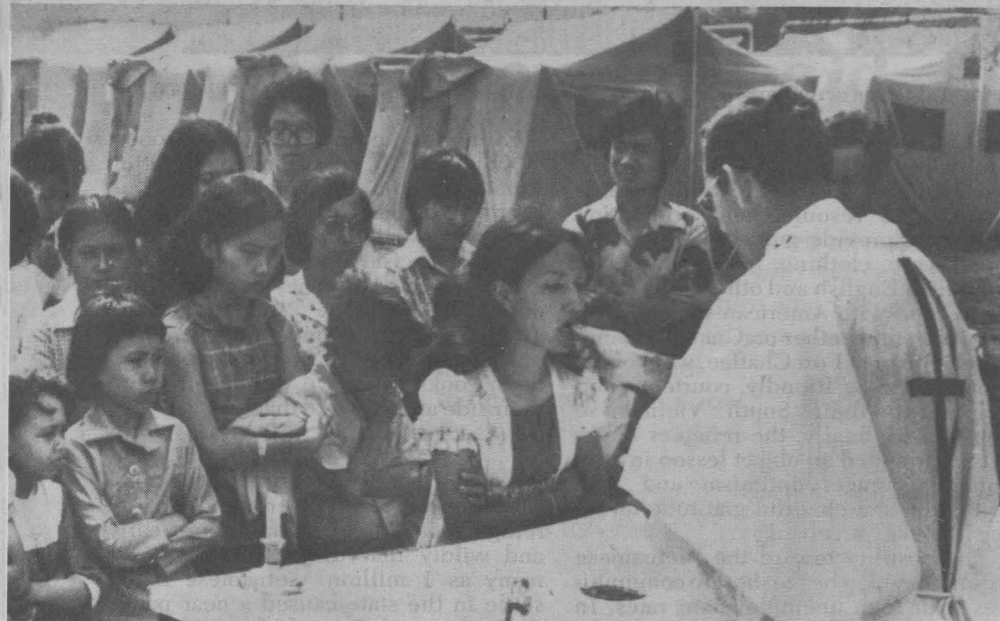
For others—those without an American husband or without a sponsor to assume financial and moral responsibility for them and help them find a job—the wait at Pendleton could be much, much longer. Such was the prospect for Duong Binh, 36, a former employee in the U.S. defense attaché's office in Saigon who got out with his wife, three children, his brother and sister—and a total of \$3 in cash.

'I'LL FIND SOMETHING'

"I am one of those without any destination," said Duong with a wan smile, "but at least I feel safe." He also felt optimistic—perhaps naively so—about what life in America may bring him. "Under the Communists," he explained, "I would probably not be able to own a car or make much money. But here, I expect a house—a small house, maybe—and a job. I have heard that many Americans are having trouble finding jobs. But in Saigon, I was a bartender, a restaurant manager and an interpreter. I'll find something."

For all the cheerful energy that went into coping with the immense logistics problems at Guam and Pendleton, the ever-growing scope and complexity of the Vietnamese-refugee problem represented a bureaucratic nightmare. The discovery late in the week that an additional 30,000 Vietnamese were steaming in the direction of the Philippines aboard a flotilla of 26 South Vietnamese naval vessels boosted the number of refugees sharply. Indeed, some officials estimated the total number of Vietnamese seeking sanctuary in the U.S. might well exceed 130,000.

On top of that, Federal funds available for housing and resettling refugees were rapidly running dry. One State Depart-



AP
Vietnamese refugee families attending Catholic mass outside their tents on Guam

THE WAR IN INDOCHINA

ment official calculated there was only enough money left in Indochina-aid funds to last for another week. Congressional sources told NEWSWEEK they expected the Ford Administration would soon submit a request for \$505 million in fresh resettlement aid.

Even if Congress went along with the Administration's request this time, it may come as little help to those Americans who suddenly find themselves strapped with supporting not only a Vietnamese wife but her numerous relatives as well. Others have already discovered their generosity has brought them more than they bargained for: this week, when one American went to the airport to meet his Vietnamese foster son, he discovered the young man had indeed fled Saigon safely—along with his girlfriend, his sister, his sister's husband and their three children.

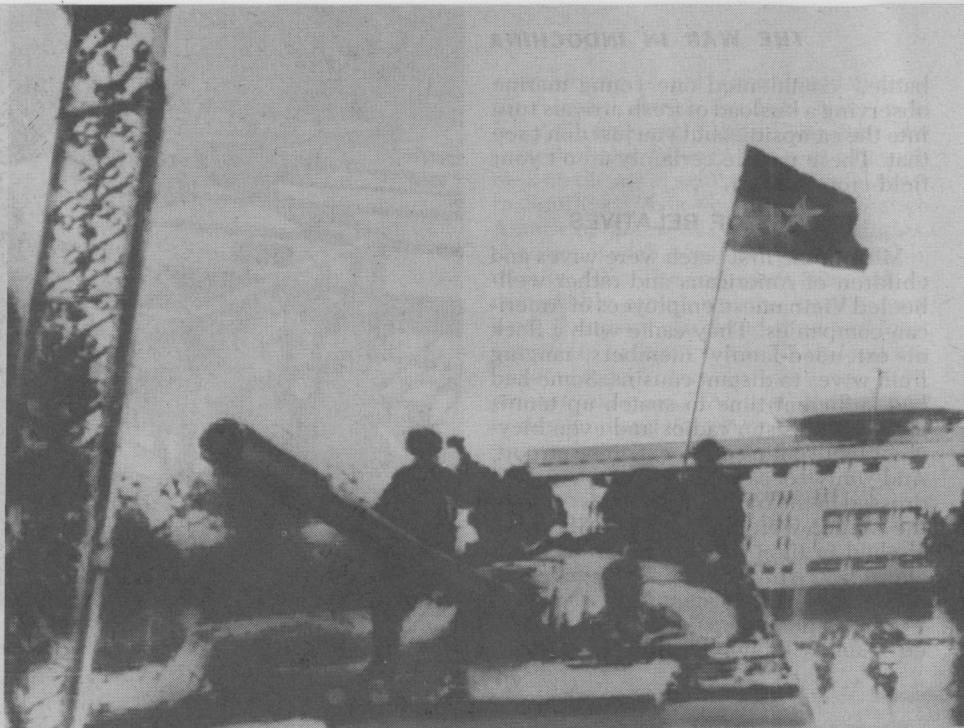
TRANSLATABLE SKILLS

And although the bulk of the Vietnamese refugees showing up in the U.S. so far appeared to be well-educated and with middle- to upper-middle-class backgrounds, it still remained to be seen how successfully they would be assimilated in American society. Translatable skills may pose something of a problem: a Saigon-trained doctor or lawyer, for example, may find it difficult to pass examinations qualifying him to practice in this country. And although Vietnamese who were lucky enough to escape with money or jewelry—or who already have relatives here to lean on—may find it relatively easy, those with neither funds nor friends may end up, as one Asian expert puts it, "as bus boys and waiters."

There was no real consensus among old Asian hands as to how well the Vietnamese will settle into their new lives in the U.S. Douglas Pike, a State Department aide with long experience in Indochina, described the Vietnamese as "probably more adaptive than the Chinese—though less so than the Filipinos." But Fred Branfman, co-director of Washington's Indochina Resource Center and an outspoken critic of the entire refugee-evacuation effort, saw trouble ahead. The refugees who've come out so far, he maintained, are "the rich, the prostitutes and the killers." "Many have obviously learned how to work with Americans in a subservient role," he added, "but they will find it psychologically different living here."

Hopefully, that will prove an overly pessimistic view. Most of those dealing with the refugees—and certainly the Vietnamese themselves—would prefer to go along with the optimistic view expressed last week by one State Department official. "This is the easiest country in the world to adjust to," he said. "After all, America was built entirely by immigrants."

—ANGUS DEMING with BERNARD KRISHER on Guam, SUNDE SMITH at Camp Pendleton, WILLIAM SCHMIDT at Fort Chaffee and PHILIP S. COOK in Washington.



NVA tank at smashed palace gate: 'The revolution has come, you have come'

Ho Chi Minh City

At 11 a.m. sharp, Nguyen Huu Cu, political instructor of the First Battalion of the People's Liberation Armed Forces, directly commanded his unit to break into the Presidential Palace. The resistance of enemy guards was immediately quelled by the vigorous PLAF attack. The first tank, No. 879, manned by Bui Duc Mai, broke through the iron gates of the main entrance. When the liberation combatants entered the palace, Gen. Duong Van Minh, President, and other leading elements of the puppet administration were sitting in wait on two rows of chairs. Duong Van Minh stood up and said: "The revolution has come, you have come." It was 11:05 hours on April 30, 1975, and the moment marked the end of the U.S. puppet regimes in South Vietnam and also of the U.S. policy of aggression in Vietnam.

—Viet Cong news agency dispatch

Finally the chaos in Saigon was over. The fighting had stopped almost everywhere, the Americans had fled and even the looting that attended their departure had been put to an end, quickly and sternly. Radio Saigon fell silent. Soon it was back on the air as Radio Liberation. "Not one more shot should be fired," said the announcer, asking workers and students to return to their jobs and classrooms the next morning. In the streets, Communist soldiers circulated with loudspeakers. "Do not worry," they called. "You will be well treated."

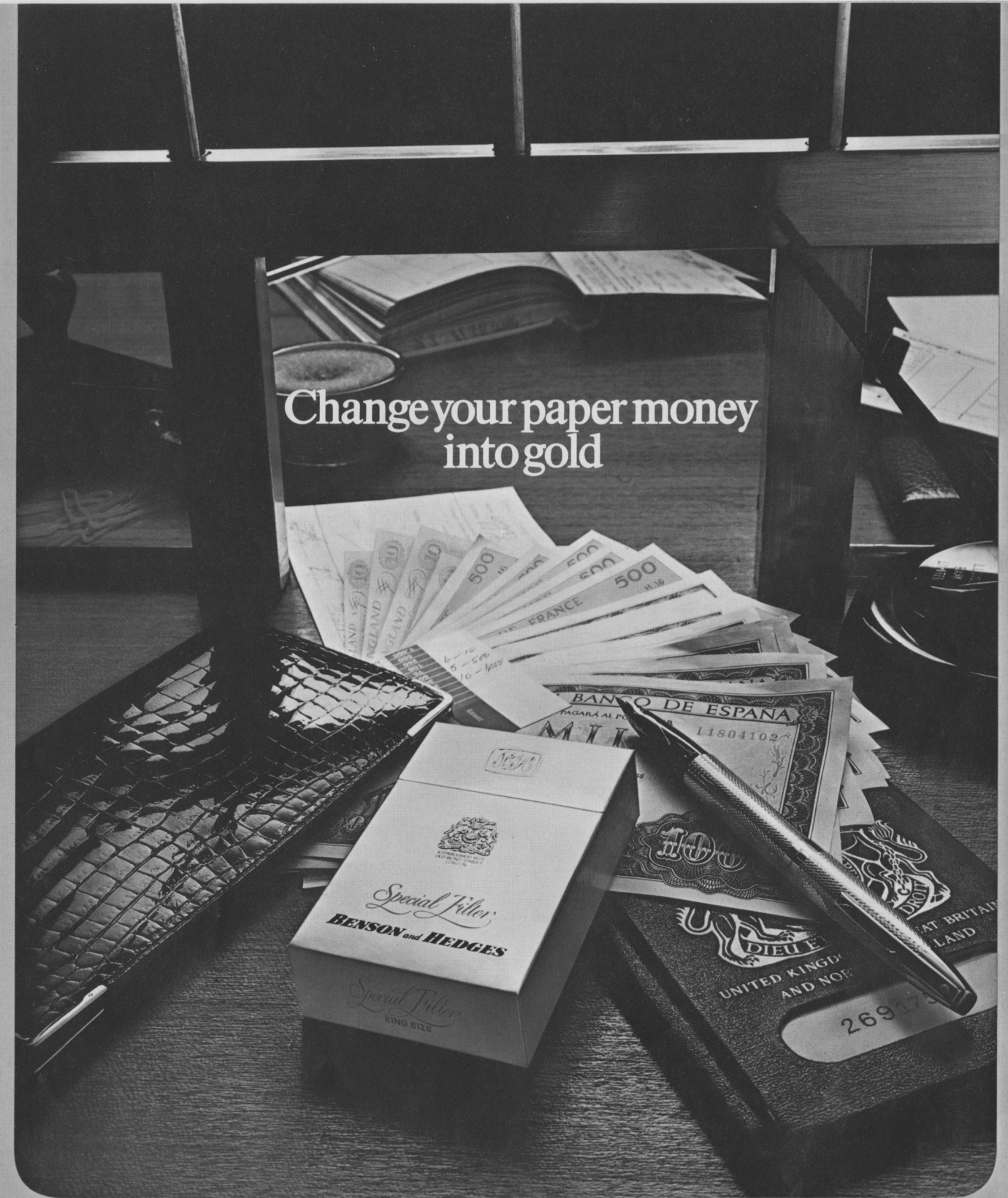
Behind the smiles, the garlands of flowers and the welcoming banners,

however, there was iron discipline. Sentries lined the curbs at 30-yard intervals. The new government nationalized all large businesses and decreed an end to dancing, prostitution and "acting like Americans." Saigon was given a second name—Ho Chi Minh City—but no one needed reminding that the Communists were in charge. "Within hours of their arrival," a French diplomat reported, "there was a little man in green heading into every neighborhood and every government office. They knew exactly what they were supposed to do and whom they were supposed to order around."

ACTS OF DEFIANCE WERE FUTILE

In isolated parts of Saigon and the countryside, pockets of government troops fought on for a while. But acts of defiance were futile. In front of the National Assembly, a U.S. newsman reported from Saigon, a South Vietnamese police officer stepped up to a statue depicting two ARVN soldiers surging forward to hold off the now-triumphant aggressors. The man, identified by his name tag as Lieutenant Colonel Long, saluted the monument, put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger.

Saigon's final agony began when the Communist armies camped outside the city grew tired of waiting for their enemies to install "Big" Minh as President. In a calculated act of military theater, they fired a salvo of 122-mm. rockets into the city. Then, striking on all four sides of the capital, they smashed one government division, trapped another, cut the



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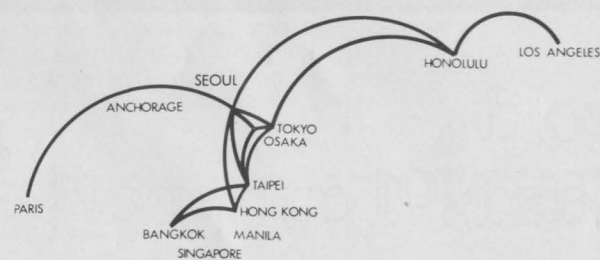
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KOREAN AIR LINES

"rice road" to the Mekong Delta and closed the last outlet to the sea at Vung Tau. The Communists also closed the road to the abandoned air base at Bien Hoa, trapping thousands of refugees. The next morning, a squad of sappers blew up a fuel depot and occupied the far bank of the Saigon River at Newport, a U.S.-built harbor just 2 miles from the center of the city. The government sent some of its last reserves out to clear the guerrillas away, but they failed.

SEALING SAIGON'S FATE

As Big Minh arrived at the palace to be sworn in as President, four U.S.-made A-37 attack jets flown by defector pilots took off from Pleiku airfield in the central highlands and headed for Saigon. Minh had hardly finished exhorting the army to fight on when the planes bombed Tan Son Nhut airport. Later, under cover of darkness, North Vietnamese units moved in, and by dawn they were entrenched on the edges of Tan Son Nhut. The runways were littered with shrapnel and debris and the airfield was rendered useless.

That attack sealed Saigon's fate. It triggered at last the U.S. decision to evacuate and plunged the capital into pandemonium. The South Vietnamese Army came apart at the seams. Many of its senior officers deserted and flew their own helicopters out to the U.S. evacuation fleet. Those who could not escape doffed military clothes and put on civvies, and soon Tu Do street in downtown Saigon was littered with uniforms, weapons and bandoliers of ammunition.

Civilian order also disintegrated.

Thousands of people rampaged through abandoned American buildings, and the houses of the rich as well. Autos careened through the streets laden with chairs, tables, desks, radios and refrigerators. When the last Americans had left their six-story embassy, the Vietnamese walked off with everything they could carry, from the document shredder to the kitchen sinks. All that remained when an American newsman visited the embassy the next day were piles of trash and a plague commemorating five marines killed defending the building during the Tet offensive of 1968. It had been pried off the wall by American soldiers in the evacuation party, but left behind in the final rush to get out.

Throughout the collapse, Big Minh clung tenaciously to the hope that the Communists might be enticed into a coalition with the neutralists he claimed to represent. But with sixteen divisions massed outside Saigon, it was plain even before Minh's inauguration that they no longer would make concessions. If he wanted to parley, a Viet Cong broadcast said, he should kick the Americans out, abolish his administration and tell his army to lay down its weapons. In short: surrender. When Minh "ordered" the Americans out—after they had already decided to leave—the Viet Cong accused him of prolonging the war by failing to meet the other demands.

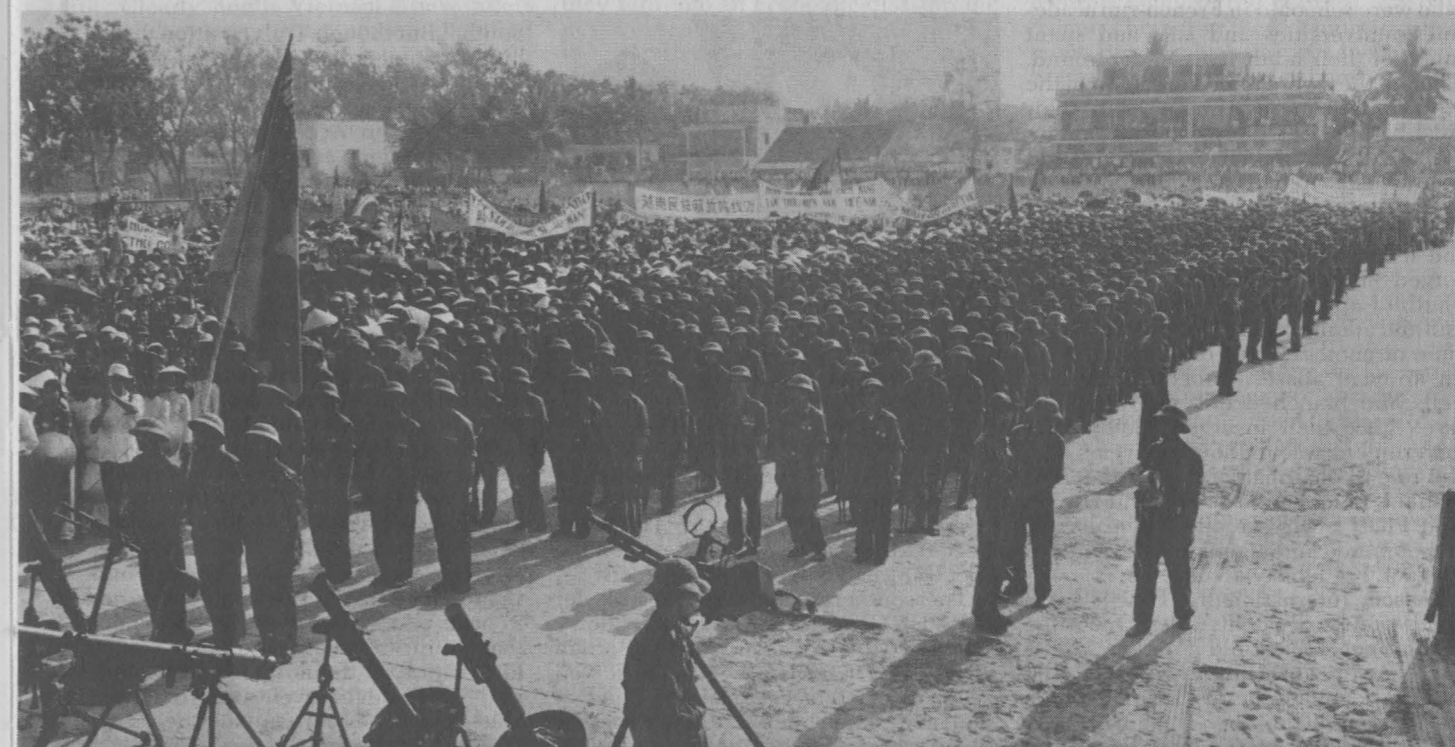
WHITE FLAGS BLOSSOMED

At last, with parts of the city in flames and all hope gone, Minh gave up. He recorded a surrender message and sent it to Radio Saigon. "To avoid unnecessary

shedding of the blood of Vietnamese," he said, "I ask the soldiers of the Republic of Vietnam to cease hostilities, be calm and to stay where they are." Then, dressed neatly in a tan safari suit, he sat down in the palace with 30 aides and ministers to await the end.

Soon, white flags blossomed in the windows of government buildings. Then long convoys of Russian-made Molotova trucks loaded with North Vietnamese regulars in jungle fatigues and pith helmets rolled into the city. By midafternoon, perhaps 2,000 soldiers occupied the shady square in front of the palace. Smiling and polite, they chatted with Saigonese on the street and garlanded their rifles with flowers. Their officers toured nearby hotels asking for accommodation. A few of them, according to a British journalist, sat down self-consciously on the "Continental Shelf," the open-air veranda of the Continental Hotel where, just three days before, Americans had sipped Martinis and whisky sours. The Communists ordered orange juice. One government clerk watched the goings-on and was puzzled. "We were told we would be killed," he remarked to a British reporter. "It looks as if that was another lie."

Hanoi newspapers were full of surreal, stylized accounts of the "liberation." "Among the crowd greeting the liberation fighters," reported Gai Phong, the Viet Cong news agency, "Buddhist monk Thich Lieu Minh came to us and said with a smile: 'Today is a festive day for the nation, a day that is a product of decades!' Then he sang a few songs composed during the resistance war



Communist troops on parade in Da Nang: "Today is a festive day for the nation, a day that is a product of decades"

against French colonialism... Saigon had plenty of electric light on the first night of liberation. Water supplies were also uninterrupted. The fire brigade was at the ready day and night, extinguishing in time the results of an attempt at arson at the children's hospital. At the Tu Du hospital, 45 babies were born on the first historic day of Saigon's liberation."

Elsewhere, things did not go quite so smoothly. A few blocks from the palace a nest of government troops began sniping at North Vietnamese sentries. A platoon of Communist infantry moved up and smoothly overran the position. On the Saigon riverfront a Communist tank crew spotted a boatload of Vietnamese attempting a last-minute escape. When the boat didn't respond to a hail, the tank

lowered its muzzle and fired a shell across the bow. The vessel turned back. And when Communist officers brought Minh, whom they had earlier arrested, back to the palace to make another surrender appeal, it became obvious that diehard troops were holding out elsewhere in the country.

Communist broadcasts indicated that government troops in the Mekong Delta held out at least for a while. Radio Can Tho, in the delta headquarters city, broadcast appeals for surrender, and Radio Hanoi said "mopping up" operations took at least a full day after the surrender. Intelligence sources in Washington said they knew of some units holding out in the delta and of Hoa Hao religious and montagnard tribal guerril-

las who had melted into the jungle with their arms. But there was no hope, the sources conceded, that they could be unified into an anti-Communist army or successfully resupplied if they chose to carry on the fight.

The morning after its take-over, the new Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam issued an eight-point proclamation that spelled out the direction it planned to move. It promised equality of race and sex, religious freedom, full employment, free education, public welfare and freedom of thought. But it also ordered a shutdown of all newspapers, periodicals and book publi-

cation for the sake of "public peace." It warned that "anyone acting like Americans or participating in such American-style activities as opening nightclubs, brothels or other places of entertainment will be punished." And although it promised to protect the property of citizens and foreigners who obeyed the Communist government, it also nationalized all banks, transportation, factories, farms and American-owned firms. The property of unspecified "enemies"—presumably officials of the old regime—also was confiscated.

How quickly—and strictly—these decrees would be enforced remained to be seen. Premier Huynh Tan Phat and his new revolutionary Cabinet (page 22) took their time about traveling from Da Nang to Saigon. In the meantime, Saigon was being administered by a Military Management Committee consisting of both northerners and southerners.

South Vietnam's new government was short-handed. At the top, it already had a 125-member assembly and a shadow Cabinet, and at the bottom it could draw on the revolutionary cells that were the base of the Viet Cong. "What they don't have," said a U.S. State Department expert, "is anything in between." The Communists would have to rely, for a while at least, on the existing structure. They decreed that the old piaster currency would remain in use. And they went from ministry to ministry asking the officials they found there to stay on the job. Even the Defense Ministry, a potential rallying point for resistance, was left largely intact.

FACING MASSIVE PROBLEMS

Clearly South Vietnam's new rulers would go recruiting among qualified people who had not served the old regime. Already the talent search had extended to overseas. A Vietnamese in Paris reported that the new government was making a "very small selection" of citizens who would be encouraged to return to Ho Chi Minh City and work for the new order. The chosen few, said this non-Communist source, would not include the exiled artists, intellectuals and idealistic young revolutionaries who had supported the Viet Cong for years. "The Provisional Revolutionary Government," he explained, "doesn't want to make trouble for itself. The prospect of receiving several hundred young people full of the idea of protest and free discussion spells trouble."

Even fully staffed, the new regime would face massive problems. It had to demobilize the Saigon army, care for hundreds of thousands of refugees and start rebuilding and reordering an economy badly distorted by twenty years of war. Coping with everyday problems was just as difficult, as French photographer Roger Pic, on assignment for NEWSWEEK, discovered in liberated Da Nang last week. "The process of normalization is hesitant," he cabled. "The government has won the confidence of the



Head bowed in defeat, Big Minh is led away: Vietnamese lives had to be saved

SOUTH VIETNAM'S NEW WHO'S WHO

"The Provisional Revolutionary Government has ceased to exist," a French official declared last week. "Now it's the government of South Vietnam and there is nothing provisional about it." Indeed, after three decades of guerrilla warfare, the red-and-blue flag of the Viet Cong fluttered over Saigon's Independence Palace, and suddenly the fate of 19 million South Vietnamese was in the hands of an obscure group of revolutionaries.

From the little that is known of the top leaders, they appear to be a remarkably homogeneous lot: all are southerners who were schooled in French-run academies, universities and jails and spent much of their adult lives underground. Though they were forced to call upon the North Vietnamese Army to win their final battles, it is the southern Communists who wear the victors' laurels—and who are expected to hang on to power for as long as they can.

Like their Marxist comrades in Hanoi, the leaders of the new Saigon regime forged their working links decades ago as youthful opponents of French colonialism and admirers of Ho Chi Minh. At one time or another, most of them assumed an array of aliases, joined clandestine cells and branched into guerrilla warfare. Since their insurgent Communist government was founded six years ago, the role of chairman and chief theoretician has belonged to 63-year-old Huynh Tan Phat, a wiry architect who is still remembered in Saigon as a designer of elegant, French-style villas.

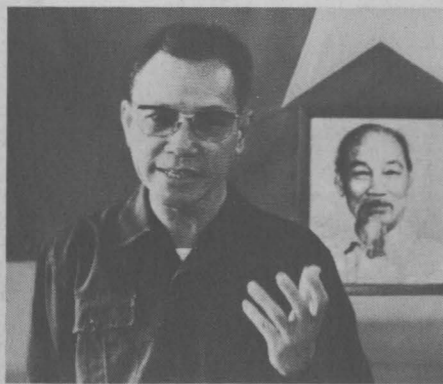
Liaison: Internationally, Phat is overshadowed by two of his aides. One is the handsome, 47-year-old Foreign Minister, Nguyen Thi Binh, the woman who helped negotiate the 1973 Paris accords on Vietnam. The other is Nguyen Huu Tho, a lawyer of 65 who heads the government's advisory council of elders.



Nguyen Huu Tho: Front man for the Viet Cong



Madame Binh: In the limelight



Tran Van Tra: Architect of victory

A self-proclaimed non-Communist who wears bourgeois white shirts instead of revolutionary black pajamas, Tho is expected to act as liaison man between the Viet Cong and Saigon's intellectuals.

The southerner most responsible for the Viet Cong triumph is its shadowy Defense Minister, Tran Van Tra. Born in 1913 to a peasant family, Tra has served as North Vietnamese Deputy Chief of Staff and commanded southern forces for nearly a decade under the nom de guerre of Tran Nam Trung—"Loyal to the

South." But though Tra's position makes him a potent force in the new regime, one of his close wartime colleagues may well emerge as the *eminence grise* of South Vietnam. According to experts in both Washington and Paris, the man who is likely to run the Saigon show is 62-year-old Pham Hung, chief of Hanoi's southern command and a member of North Vietnam's ruling Communist Party Politburo.

Intentions: In the wake of their victory, Viet Cong leaders have left their intentions unclear. Without question, they credit Hanoi with both inspiration and massive help in "liberating" their half of Vietnam from the United States. Nonetheless, it is by no means certain that the southerners will willingly surrender their new independence and join the north. Back in 1965, when he led the Viet Cong's delegation to the Indochinese People's Conference in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, Huynh Tan Phat is reported to have told Prince Norodom Sihanouk that South Vietnam would never submit to dictation by the north. Reunification, said Phat, might eventually be desirable—but it was certainly not necessary "for several decades."

—FAY WILLEY with bureau reports

Every Land for Itself

Though long expected, the fall of Saigon was a major setback for the United States. Unsure that America would remain a credible supporter, U.S. allies began to chart more independent courses. Reports on the reaction in Asia and Europe:

ASIA: 'NO MORE PROXIES'

In New Delhi, members of the Indian Parliament thumped on their desks with joy. In Peking, North Vietnamese diplomats danced around their embassy compound and hugged the startled Chinese security guards. In other parts of Asia, there was a widespread feeling of relief that a terrible war had come to a close. But there were also fears about what might lie ahead. Speaking at a Commonwealth Conference in Kingston, Jamaica, last week, Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew jabbed at the major powers backing both sides of the conflict. "Neither the Americans nor the Russians wanted to die, so they fought their battles by proxy," said Lee. "Let us not be foolish proxies."

In most parts of Asia, the fall of South Vietnam was viewed as the beginning of a troubled new era, not just the end of an old one. Almost no one suggested that other non-Communist nations were lined up like dominoes, waiting to topple. With the exception of Laos, where the Communist faction seemed certain at least to increase its share of power, no government was imminently threatened. But even the strongest of them would have to adapt to new realities.

At a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Hong Kong last week, Pierre Renfret, an economic consultant from New York, startled his audience by announcing that he had long ago advised his investor clients to pull out of Thailand fast, to forget about investing in the Philippines and to "get your money out of Indonesia in three years." That was an extreme view, but it was clear that Washington, for one, would indeed have trouble protecting its investment in Asia.

Needling: Thailand was already well on its way to a more independent stance. The government of Premier Kukrit Pramoj was needling Washington regarding the ownership of 125 South Vietnamese Air Force planes flown to Thailand by escapees from Saigon. The U.S., which supplied the planes, wanted them back. But Thailand was thinking of "returning" the planes to the conquerors of South Vietnam. "America may not be a helpless giant as far as its enemies are concerned," said an Asian diplomat, "but it will increasingly find that it is losing respect among its friends."

Washington and Bangkok also were expected to announce this week the early withdrawal of all or most of the 23,000 U.S. servicemen and 350 planes stationed in Thailand. That would force the U.S. to rely more heavily on its air and naval bases in the Philippines. But

Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos is beginning to waver. Last month, he ordered a review of Philippine security options, and one of the main questions was whether Manila should discard its mutual-defense treaty with the United States and take over the bases at Clark Field and Subic Bay. "Let no man, friend or foe, think in terms other than the national interest," said Marcos.

The government of Taiwan recently adopted a similar position. A manifesto by the ruling Kuomintang party declared: "The tragedy in the Indochinese peninsula has once more proved that every country must attain self-strength and not be dependent on others."

For the record, Japanese spokesmen were more hopeful, suggesting that the end of America's adventure in Vietnam would produce smoother relations between Washington and Tokyo. But the pragmatic Japanese also were trimming their sails; an exchange of ambassadors between Tokyo and Hanoi was expected soon. And although the ruling Liberal Democratic Party recently voted to sign the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty, no one was taking that for granted now. "Japan illustrates the kind of problem that grows out of Vietnam," said a U.S. official. "If Japan loses confidence in our will and ability to defend that area, then Japan is likely to opt for its own nuclear weapons."

Trouble: At the moment, however, what really worried Japanese diplomats—and many others in the area—was the possibility of trouble in South Korea, where the U.S. still supports a repressive regime with both money and 42,000 American troops. During a visit to Peking last week, North Korean President Kim Il Sung declared he was prepared to lend a hand to any revolt against South Korean President Park Chung Hee. The communiqué issued later by Kim and the Chinese merely restated the North Korean policy of seeking "peaceful reconciliation" with the south, but many Asians feared that Kim could launch a war that might suck in the U.S.

"They never learn," a Western diplomat in Asia said of the American policymakers. "If another ground war breaks out in Asia, they could be caught again in the classic dilemma: Do they abandon an ally they have sworn to defend, or do they support a regime that hardly anyone, even right-wingers, has any sympathy for?"

In the wake of South Vietnam's collapse, many Asians were persuaded that reliance on Washington was unwise. Echoing a view that is widely held in

Asia, a relatively dovish U.S. expert conceded: "Asia will pretty much go the way the Communists want it to go. The American public just isn't prepared to fight a land war in Asia again." To many Asians, the lesson of Vietnamization and the Nixon doctrine was that the U.S. was committed only to furnishing friendly nations with money and weapons—if that. The U.S., as Washington's allies saw it, is perhaps too willing now to let Asians fight Asian wars.

—RAYMOND CARROLL with TONY CLIFTON in Hong Kong and bureau reports

EUROPE: FEARS

The spectacle of Americans sprinting for the exits in Saigon last week sent a chill through most of Western Europe. In Paris, Gen. Marcel Bigeard, Under Secretary of the French Army and a former commander at Dienbienphu, said the defeat was "unavoidable" because the South Vietnamese had "lived in a sort of cocoon softly woven by the Americans." In Bonn, West German generals calculated the impact of North Vietnam's victory on other Communist nations and wondered whether the temptation to straighten out borders with tanks might extend to West Berlin.

Under the circumstances, Henry Kissinger's assurance that Washington would stand by its friends offered a measure of relief, and the U.S. clearly retained the military power to defend Western Europe. The real question was whether the Vietnam debacle would sap American will and lead to a convulsion of neo-isolationism. "Clearly, this has been a defeat for America," noted a senior British defense official. "And any crisis for the U.S. is a crisis for her allies."

Outwardly, most governments put the best face possible on Saigon's capitulation. Sweden's Prime Minister Olof Palme, long one of the war's most vigorous critics, said the end of the affair came as a "joy and a relief" to him. Sweden quickly recognized the new regime in South Vietnam, and Norway and Britain hinted that they would soon follow suit. West Germany finessed the issue for the moment by offering to continue its humanitarian aid to South Vietnam, while withholding recognition from the Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Summit: In Moscow, Communist Party leader Leonid Brezhnev took steps to avoid a show of jubilation that might further damage détente with the West. Pravda covered the surrender under an unusually modest headline, THE FLAG OF THE PATRIOTS FLIES OVER SAIGON. Such restraint was understandable: détente already appeared to be drifting the Soviet Union's way. With Brezhnev pressing for a European summit at the end of June, an upsurge of aggressiveness among the normally sluggish Communist parties of Western Europe was the last thing Moscow wanted to encourage.

But with the successes of North Viet-

nam and the Viet Cong making headlines each day, adventurism looked less resistible than usual in some quarters. "Italy offers a perfect opening for a popular front to take over," said Dr. Alvin J. Cottrell of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. "Anywhere there is a partition or pocket of civil strife, there is danger." The U.S. defeat in South Vietnam had followed a series of setbacks in Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Cyprus and the Middle East. "Successes become tempting," said Cottrell. "It's like the hijacking of the first airplane."

The U.S., observed the conservative Financial Times of London, had fallen into "the cardinal error of making a commitment which it could not fulfill, the purpose of which was unclear, and

tian President Anwar Sadat (page 36). The agenda for Brussels promised to be bulky. U.S. troop commitments, the timing of the upcoming European security summit with the Soviet Union and the future of détente itself were all in for some close scrutiny. And after years of chafing over Henry Kissinger's brand of personal diplomacy, many Western European diplomats were eager for a freer hand. "The United States," said a senior diplomat in Bonn, "has learned the limits of its power."

Among other things, West Germany planned to press for a more significant role in Kissinger's ongoing "conceptual talks" with the Soviet Union on strategic arms limitation and mutually balanced force reductions in Europe. And arms experts and budget balancers all over



Joy and relief: A puppet troupe's float in Tokyo parade applauds U.S. defeat



Celebration: Parisian leftists carry Ho Chi Minh's picture in a May Day parade

whose consequences had not been carefully considered." In the future, the editorial went on, "small countries, or those with ambitious neighbors, would have to pay more attention to their own defense and to a diplomacy designed to prevent conflict arising."

Hope: To some observers, that raised the prospect of "Finlandization" in Western Europe, with individual nations drifting apart and falling more and more under the influence of the Soviet Union. But others, including Britain's Foreign Secretary, James Callaghan, expressed a hope that with Vietnam behind it, the U.S. would refocus its attention on the collective security of Western Europe. That will be the central issue at a meeting of NATO Chiefs of State, including Gerald Ford, in Brussels late this month, after which Ford will continue his fence-mending with visits to Spain and Italy and a meeting in Salzburg with Egypt-

Western Europe were planning to seek a larger share of NATO's market for new weapons systems—a bite that could only come at the expense of the U.S.

The first order of business for the Ford Administration was to repair the increasingly ragged image of the U.S. as a reliable ally. "Some people at the Quai d'Orsay are comparing the fall of Phnom Penh and Saigon to the fall of Constantinople," said one French diplomat. The worst fear was that the tragic passage of the U.S. through Indochina would drain the West's only superpower of its confidence and drive it into a period of withdrawal at the expense of its other foreign commitments. "The great enigma," said Le Monde, "is not in the silence of Saigon or Phnom Penh, but in the landscape of the White House." Making the landscape a little clearer will be President Ford's major task in Brussels.

—TOM MATHEWS with bureau reports

How Dark An Outlook?

For Asia's international businessmen, it was a time of concern and reappraisal. Much like their counterparts in foreign offices throughout the region, they found themselves last week trying to weigh the impact of the changes in Cambodia and South Vietnam. Their initial assessments of the economic fallout from the collapse in Indochina ranged from a confident "it will be business as usual" to dark visions of shrinking markets and fading investment opportunities. But in almost every case, the dominant mood was uncertainty about just what lies ahead—and that was bad enough. "Uncertainty is the businessman's worst enemy," observed Charles Baker, vice president of Pfizer Asia in Hong Kong. "He will often agree to operate under surprising circumstances as long as he feels that the rules won't change. But make him feel insecure and he'll tend to overreact every time."

The elements making for an insecure business climate were in abundant supply. Speaking to a joint meeting of the American and Hong Kong chambers of commerce last week, New York-based consultant Dr. Pierre Renfret told his stunned audience that he had long ago advised his clients to get out of Thailand fast, forget about investing in the Philippines and "get your money out of Indonesia in three years." Few other analysts shared Renfret's unalloyed pessimism and some even argued that increasing Asian nationalism and the global business slump were more damaging to the region than the fallout from Indochina. But there was no denying that some potential investors and traders were suddenly taking a second look. With the North Vietnamese victory in Indochina secure, some businessmen feared that Hanoi might try to expand its military influence still further. And with Southeast Asians seemingly falling all over each other in an effort to reach an accommodation with the Communist regimes in Hanoi and Peking, other executives worried that the Asians might try to make things rough on foreign businesses simply to put their left-wing credentials in order.

For some Asian businessmen, there was another worry—that with the U.S. defeat in Indochina sealed, Washington



Saigon's Tu-Do Street before the fall: Now, shrinking markets and vast uncertainty

might rush to pull back from such exposed outposts as Taiwan and South Korea, leaving their governments and, by extension, foreign investors in those countries in the lurch. The concern in Taipei was muted by a thriving economy and a growing sense that Taiwan could manage politically and economically without an American presence. In South Korea, however, the outlook was gloomier. The North Vietnamese successes seemed likely to encourage further North Korean adventurism (box, following page). And given the sternly authoritarian cast of President Park Chung Hee's regime, many business analysts—along with many political observers—couldn't help but wonder just how eager the U.S. Congress would be to continue Washington's blank-check commitment to Seoul.

Inevitable: In purely political terms, a shift in the power balance in Southeast Asia in favor of Peking and Hanoi seemed inevitable. But whether that necessarily meant a new attitude toward foreign business was another, far more debatable matter. As far as most traders were concerned, the future in Southeast Asia still looked bright. But for those companies planning major capital outlays the prospects were less clear-cut and while most insisted that they had not yet changed any plans as a result of the fall of Indochina, many admitted that they were taking another look at their expansion plans. In most cases, both traders and investors were still awaiting word on the developments from their home offices. "Some of these guys back home still think that Singapore is right next door to Saigon," shrugged one U.S. banker. "I suppose we'll be hearing from them."

For those companies doing business in Thailand the problems seemed more immediate. With a persistent insurgent movement in the northeast, Bangkok seemed to be next on Hanoi's list—if

indeed there is such a list. As a result, the Thai Government has tried to extend something of an olive branch to North Vietnam by setting a timetable for the ouster of U.S. bases. And even before the fall of South Vietnam, the Thai Cabinet displayed a vaguely leftward tilt by taking over a mining company owned jointly by America's Union Carbide and Holland's Billiton. The net effect of the Communist advances in Indochina and the Thai reaction to them has been to throw a serious scare into many foreign companies with interests in Thailand. "Japanese companies are looking around for alternate possibilities," admitted Hiroshi Watanabe, chief of the Bank of Japan's regional office in Hong Kong. "And if I were a manager in Tokyo I suppose I would be carefully watching for a way out too." Still, everyone doesn't seem to be running for the exit; indeed, the U.S.'s Dow Chemical intends to forge ahead with plans for a \$12 million plastics plant near Bangkok.

Both publicly and privately, however, most businessmen believed Thailand to be very much a special case. And many insisted that the impact of Indochina on Southeast Asian business was clearly secondary to other problems. Fueled by nationalism, the governments of Malaysia and the Philippines have recently enacted restrictive new laws on foreign businesses that make those countries less attractive to some investors. Even more important, such worldwide problems as the credit squeeze, inflation and recession have taken a serious toll on businesses operating in Southeast Asia. "Vietnam may provide a convenient cover for the evacuation of those companies who may have been thinking of scaling down or pulling out because of other problems not unique to this region," noted John Laibe, head of Essochem Eastern in Hong Kong.

Even if the shifting forces in Southeast Asia do mean political changes, many

businessmen seem convinced they could adapt. "It's not the '50s any more," said one commercial analyst in Hong Kong. "If détente has taught us anything, it is that ideology shouldn't stand in the way of business. Now when a peasant drags a log from the forest, the timber company is no longer obliged to ask: 'Are you a member of the Viet Cong?'" Already, there have been reports (vigorously denied) that some Western oilmen who had been exploring off the coast of South Vietnam have put out feelers to Hanoi about continuing the search. And many other firms are said to be looking forward to opening trade with the new regimes in Phnom Penh and Saigon after

what one executive described with a smile as "a decent interval."

That could be a long way off—if ever. In the meantime, even those companies that admitted to being worried about the long-range Asian business outlook were avoiding hasty action. "Let's wait till the muddy waters clear," was the way one consultant put it. "Let's wait and see what kind of government we get in Saigon, whether Hanoi is content to consolidate its winnings or wants to move and what U.S. policy will be." When the answers to such questions are in, said another Western businessman, "then we'll know if we have to panic."

—RICHARD M. SMITH in Hong Kong

Hot Money?

One widely anticipated consequence of the collapse of South Vietnam—the flow of "hot money" out of the country—did not materialize last week, not at least in major proportions. To be sure, there were reports of some South Vietnamese fleeing with suitcases crammed with gold bars and of some Vietnamese money flowing into the Hong Kong stock market. But for the most part, the fortunes, both legal and illegal, that had been accumulated in Indochina over the years appeared to have found their way out of the country long ago to Swiss banks and other safe havens. One Vietnamese who had

South Korea: Next Target?

Although the domino theory may have lost credibility elsewhere, many officials of the U.S. State Department still accept it as diplomatic gospel. Even before Communist insurgents hoisted their flags over Phnom Penh and Saigon, anxious planners at Foggy Bottom began debating which Asian country might be the next target of Communist aggression. Some thought it would be Thailand, whose new government recently requested the withdrawal of all American troops. Others believed the Philippines or Malaysia might be more likely choices. Last week, however, in talks with U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's closest advisers, Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave learned that South Korea is actually their No. 1 concern. Below, de Borchgrave's report:

The last time North Korean President Kim Il Sung tried to reunify his country by force, he misread an ambiguous U.S. position paper approved by the late Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Simply put, South Korea was not included in an Achesonian list of areas of vital American interest—a famous lapse that eventually led to the Korean War. Now, with the U.S. traumatized by the biggest military debacle in its history, Washington officials warn that Kim may be reading current signals much the way he did the Acheson paper 25 years ago. Indeed, given Kim's activities of late, they fear that the U.S. could soon find itself ensnared in another ground war on the Asian mainland—this time in Korea.

It was hardly coincidental, say those officials, that Kim journeyed to Peking last month on the very day that the Khmer Rouge made their triumphant entry into Phnom Penh (NEWSWEEK, May 5). It was his first trip to China in fourteen years and, among other things, North Korea's self-proclaimed "great sun of the nation" put in a request for military aid. Shortly after his arrival there he also made ominous noises about lending a helping hand to any revolution in South Korea against "the puppets

of American imperialist colonialism."

At home, too, Kim seems to be doing all he can to encourage a belligerent mood. In March he ordered his countrymen to stockpile 1 million tons of grain so North Korea would be "prepared for war." Shortly thereafter, already jittery South Korean officials became convinced that Kim was bent on aggression when their troops uncovered a huge tunnel under the Demilitarized Zone that separates the two Koreas—a tunnel big enough, they say, to run an entire division through in a matter of hours.

Mood: Kim, moreover, has almost certainly been encouraged in his militaristic vision by the mood in Washington. A country still smarting from the Indochina experience, he must have concluded, would hardly be willing to support a second Korean war. Indeed, the U.S. Senate has already tentatively trimmed South Korea's foreign aid this year from \$234 to \$145 million, and Sen. Mike Mansfield suggested last week that it should also consider calling home some

of the 38,000 American troops stationed in Korea.

For all these reasons, Washington officials believe Kim may be thinking of having another go at the south. The Chinese undoubtedly tried to cool his military zeal, if only because they are not eager for a war that could put Sino-American détente on ice and give the Russians a chance to expand their role in Asia. Still, U.S. officials remain apprehensive. No one really expects North Korea to submit its military plans to Peking or Moscow for approval. Kim, they say, is quite capable of presenting the Communist rivals with a *fait accompli*.

Should this happen, the U.S. would find itself caught on the horns of an intensely painful dilemma. Unlovely as most Americans find the repressive regime in Seoul, South Korea, unlike South Vietnam, is explicitly protected by a U.S. mutual-security treaty. Its 600,000-man army is also one of Asia's best and if it fought well against the north, the U.S. could not leave South Korea in the lurch without blowing American credibility right out of the Pacific—not to mention the Atlantic.



U.S. soldier on guard in Korea: Suppose Kim Il Sung decides to have another go?

raked in a bonanza in Saigon's port told friends last week that his money had long since been invested in land acquisitions in Europe and America. He had, he admitted, kept nothing more than "expense money" in Vietnam for years.

CHINA:
Sentimental Journey

In 1949, angry over the corruption of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime and alarmed by the advance of Mao Tse-tung's armies, 18-year-old Chang Sin-ren fled his native China for Europe. In the years that followed, Chang climbed the capitalist ladder, becoming a top-ranked chemist at a Zurich pharmacological institute and accumulating most of the attributes of the good life, Western style, including a car and an apartment of his own. But two years ago, intrigued by the changes Mao had wrought, Chang decided to pay a visit to his homeland. "I felt," he says, "that it was time somebody wrote plain facts about China."

Granted a visa despite his Nationalist Chinese passport, Chang spent five weeks on the mainland. The product of his visit is a 148-page book published recently in Switzerland and entitled "Als Chinese Nach China" (A Chinese Visits China). Not surprisingly for a refugee with vivid memories of the bad old days, Chang concentrates on the rosier aspects of Mao's new society. He marvels that the opium smokers and prostitutes he remembers in his hometown of Wuhu have disappeared. In the new China, Chang reports, trains and hotels are cheap, restaurant menus may list as many as 400 dishes and no one accepts tips. "Just imagine," he said recently in discussing his visit, "no hunger, nobody freezing, and the young people are full of confidence." The trip, he insists, "was an uplifting experience."

Bourgeois: Enthusiastic as Chang's report is, however, it does inadvertently provide some intriguing glimpses of the darker side of modern Chinese society. Some of the street beggars whose disappearance he had earlier hailed, Chang allows, now hang around Wuhu's cheap restaurants. Similarly, though they espouse Maoist egalitarianism, a new class of officials has cordoned off the city's most exclusive quarter for its homes. But what really causes Chang to sputter is the bourgeois attitude of China's supposedly liberated women. According to him, girls in their 20s often demand that prospective bridegrooms hold down high-salaried jobs and provide an array of household appliances before they agree to marry. "That atti-

tude," he clucks, "is even more capitalistic than that of European youth."

More disturbing than such clues to the persistence of economic inequities in China's new society are suggestions in Chang's book of the cost to the human spirit of creating it. While in Shanghai, Chang tried to send a schoolboy he had met on the trip some Swiss chocolate. The postal clerk's reply was: "You'll only get him in trouble." And in Wuhu, Chang discovered a boyhood chum who went on to university but has since been reduced to pulling a cart because of an unspecified "mistake" committed during the Cultural Revolution.

Chang explains away such grim vignettes with almost dogmatic aplomb. "Individuals' rights in China are secondary to development needs," he says



Bernhard Moosbrugger

Author Chang in Zurich: Glimpses of the dark side

when pressed. "A Westerner will hardly understand this." The author, however, clearly feels that he does understand and his book is a testament to his faith in the rightness of modern China's methods. But there are limits even to Chang's taste for life in his revolutionized homeland. Asked recently if he would like to go back to China permanently, Chang replied, "I am not sure I would fit in. My return would strain the tolerance of both the Peking government and myself."

—CARTER S. WISEMAN with MILAN J. KUBIC in Bonn

AUSTRALIA:
Cops on the Carpet

Each day for nearly two years Peter Lawless has sat hunched over a worn wooden desk inside his 4-by-8 cell at Melbourne's Pentridge Jail. Scribbling notes from a pile of lawbooks, the convicted murderer bombarded the courts with writs claiming police had framed him for the 1973 killing of a massage-parlor proprietor. Now it seems Law-

less's persistence may have paid off. Earlier this year Australian newspapers began printing allegations that appeared to substantiate his position. Moreover, the papers also alleged that Melbourne's men in blue had dabbled in such crimes as extortion, perjury and graft as well—charges that recently sparked the third investigation in ten years of the 5,000-man Victoria state police force.

Victorian officials quickly vowed the inquiry would be the most thorough probe ever undertaken of police activities. But as the hearing got under way in a dingy Melbourne court last week, a courtroom free-for-all made a mockery of their promise. Indeed, only five days into the hearing, the chairman temporarily postponed the proceedings, saying he could not guarantee protection for the witnesses. The move came after one witness involved in a courtroom brawl with police and prison wardens claimed he had later been brutally beaten in his cell. "If this is just the beginning," sighed a lawyer connected with the case, "God knows how it will all end."

Shoved: Charges of corruption and brutality against Victoria's police are nothing new. As law-enforcement officers in a country that began as a penal colony, Australian police were long used as a paramilitary force and this strong-arm tradition continues. Last July, a Melbourne man named Stephen Sellers claims, police burst into his apartment and, while trying to make him talk, shoved him out a window. A week later, as Sellers lay in the hospital with broken legs and a shattered pelvis, a detective came to apologize. "He said I was the wrong man and ordered me to forget the whole thing," reports Sellers.

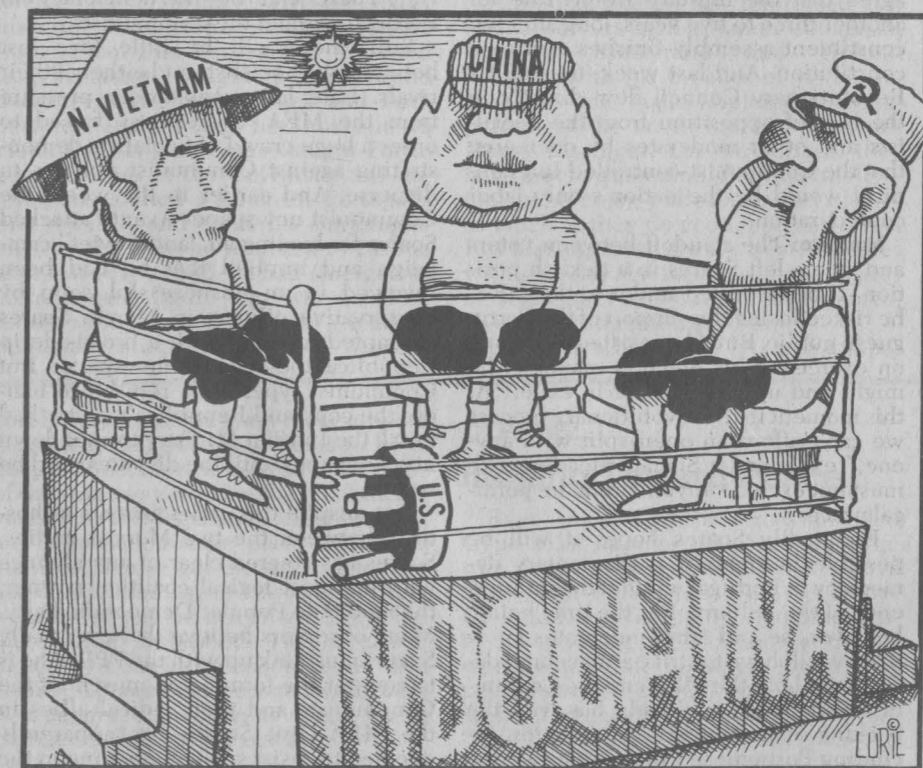
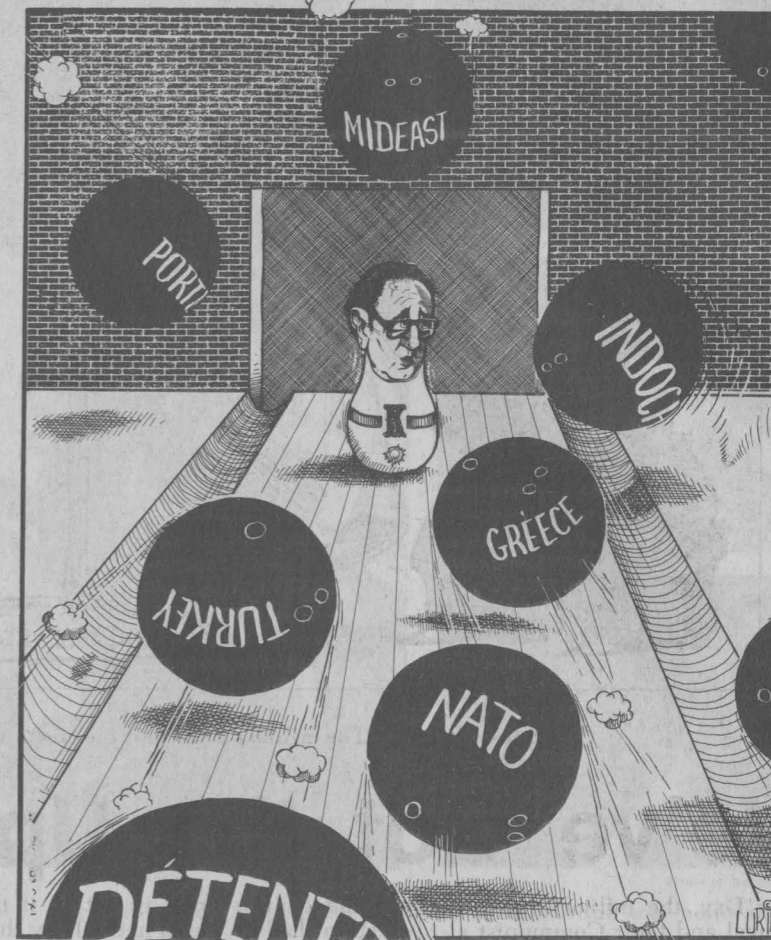
But if Sellers could excuse such heavy-handed treatment, another Melbourne man, Bertram Wainer, could not. A tall, balding 46-year-old doctor, Wainer has been campaigning for years to clean up the Victorian police force. In 1970 he prompted a three-month investigation into police rackets involving illegal abortion clinics that ended with three high-ranking detectives behind bars. And for the past year, Wainer has been working feverishly amassing tape recordings, photographs and documents to support additional charges of corruption and brutality—information he later turned over to the Melbourne newspapers. "The corruption is pervasive," Wainer explained last week. "Someone had to investigate it."

The question now is where the current investigation will lead once it gets off the ground again. Historically, Australian police have exercised uncommonly strong political clout. The two previous investigations into the alleged malfeasance of the Melbourne police accomplished next to nothing, and given last week's courtroom action, some Australians wonder how productive the third one will be.

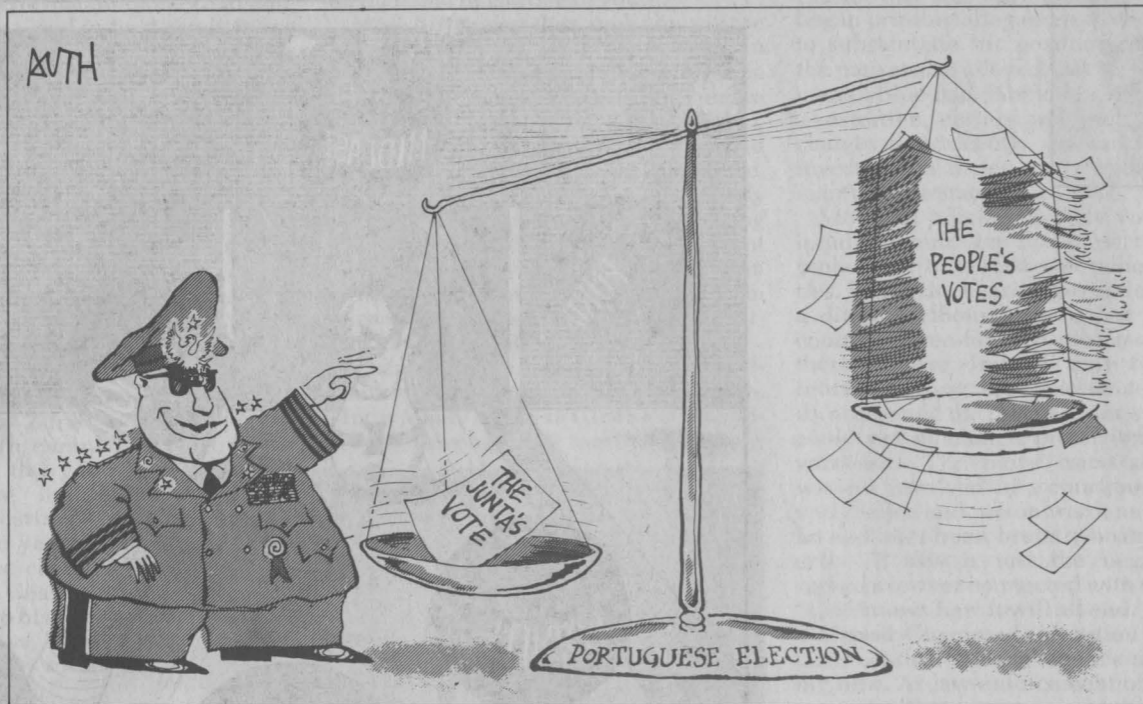
—SUSAN FRAKER with CHRISTOPHER SWEENEY in Melbourne



LURIE'S OPINION



NEXT ROUND



An uneasy balance: The military acted as if the election hadn't happened

'We've Got the Upper Hand'

On May Day, the military rulers of Portugal and their Communist allies gathered 100,000 people in Lisbon's First of May Stadium. Vendors sold balloons and conical paper hats in the style of Ho Chi Minh as the crowd cheered a Viet Cong delegation. Portuguese Air Force helicopters hovered overhead, dropping leaflets that declared: DOWN WITH THE CIA and WORKERS ARE FOR REVOLUTION. Then leftist solidarity began to crumble. Socialist Party leader Mario Soares, a minister without portfolio in Portugal's coalition government, pushed his way into the stadium at the head of 4,000 supporters. In a jeering reference to the junta's embarrassment at the outcome of the Portuguese election of two weeks ago, the Soares phalanx chanted: "We're the Socialists, we won the election." The Communists began to boo.

Portugal was trying to adjust last week to the fact that its radical military government was out of step with most of its people. In the constituent-assembly election, Soares's Socialists had won 38 per cent of the vote, while the center-left Popular Democrats amassed 26 per cent. The Portuguese Communist Party received less than 13 per cent, and only 6 per cent of the voters complied with the request of the ruling Armed Forces Movement (MFA) to cast blank ballots. It was a vote for West European-style democracy, but the left-wing officers who

run the country tried to act as if the election hadn't happened. They had already required the political parties to agree that the military would rule for another three to five years, long after the constituent assembly finishes writing a constitution. And last week, the MFA's Revolutionary Council flew directly in the face of opposition from the Socialists and other moderates by decreeing that the Communist-controlled Intersindical would be the nation's only labor confederation.

Mandate: The standoff between voters and rulers left Soares in a ticklish position. If he knuckled under to the MFA, he risked losing the support of the Portuguese public. But if he insisted too firmly on exercising his election mandate, he might end up in prison or in exile. "At this moment in the revolutionary process we can't afford an open split with anyone," explained a Socialist leader. "We must not exclude anyone from the political process."

Eventually Soares hopes it will be possible to create a parliamentary democracy in Portugal without the interference of the military. For the time being, however, he and other moderates know that he will have to strike an accommodation with both the MFA and the Communist Party. Soares already has won the backing of several MFA moderates, including Portuguese President Francisco da Costa Gomes and Foreign Minister

Melo Antunes. And last week, after meeting with Communist Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal, Soares declared publicly, "There can be no democracy in Portugal without the Communists."

Still, there will be little love lost between the Socialists and either of their rivals. Late last week under pressure from the MFA, Soares was forced to order a huge crowd of Socialists demonstrating against Communist policies to disperse. And earlier in the week, the Communist newspaper Avante attacked Soares for leading an "anti-Soviet" campaign and implied that he had been involved in an unsuccessful coup by conservative officers in March. Soares attempted to reply with a broadside in *República*, the Socialist newspaper. But Communist typesetters refused to handle the copy and *República's* editor had to ask the Interior Ministry to shut down his own paper until the dispute could be settled.

But despite the undercurrents of hostility between the two Marxist parties, Soares has steered clear of any alliance with his most logical coalition partner, the moderate Popular Democratic Party. Many observers believe that eventually Soares must link up with the PPD if he is to counter the formidable muscle of the Communists and their radical allies in the MFA. But Soares has apparently decided to resist such an opening to the right, mainly because he fears it would

Portugal's Pumpkin Face

His countrymen affectionately call him "pumpkin face" and, despite a penchant for pinstripe suits, he looks more like an absent-minded professor than a superslick politician. But during the recent Portuguese election campaign Mario Soares, 50, proved beyond doubt that he is a consummate political tactician. The tall, tousled and distinctly plump Socialist leader expertly presented himself and his party as Portugal's best hope for change without a sudden lurch to the far left.

Politically speaking, Soares was to the manner born. His father, a prosperous educator who owned the liberal Colégio Moderno in Lisbon, was a minister in Portugal's first republic six decades ago and his mother was a fervid antimonarchist. As a teen-ager Soares flirted with Communism and was influenced by his geography teacher, Alvaro Cunhal, who today heads the Portuguese Communist Party and is Soares's main political rival. After World War II, Soares participated in Popular Front activities aimed at bringing down the dictatorship of António Salazar. As time wore on he shifted gradually to a nonviolent brand of socialism.

Exile: During the Salazar era, Soares devoted much of his time to defending political prisoners. And before he fled to Paris in 1969, he himself was jailed twelve times. During his five-year exile, his wife, Maria, a feminist leader, ran the high school that Soares had inherited from his father, brought up their son and daughter and shuttled back and forth between Lisbon and her husband in Paris. For his part, Soares taught Portuguese studies at the University at Nanterre, researched a book on Portugal's first republic and wrote his autobiography. By the time he returned to Lisbon after last year's coup, he had emerged as a charismatic figure who was on close terms with most of Portugal's leading politicians and with many of Western

cost him much of his grass-roots support.

Indeed, Soares's plan seems to be to keep his Socialists mobilized in the hope of walking away with another convincing victory in the legislative elections that are supposed to take place within six months. "We've got the upper hand," a Socialist leader insisted last week. "Now we must be patient but tough. Mario has the qualities to be both. He's a relaxed fighter who can go the whole route." But clearly, if Soares succeeds too well, there is a danger that someone might try to change the rules of the match.

—RUSSELL WATSON with MIGUEL ACOCA in Lisbon and EDWARD BEHR in Paris



Photos by Ingeborg Lippman

Socialist Soares: A potent blend of old radicalism and new moderation

Europe's most prominent Socialists.

Although Soares has impressed foreign observers such as James Callaghan, François Mitterrand and Helmut Schmidt with his breadth of vision, he has had one major diplomatic disappointment: he never has hit it off with Henry Kissinger. On the surface, they have much in common. Both are intellectuals who enjoy philosophy and history as much as they do good food and wine. But Kissinger has always treated Soares with singular aloofness. Said one Soares associate after a meeting of the two men, "Kissinger straight-armed him."

But Soares has never let such tempo-

rary setbacks stand in his way. Since his return to Lisbon, he has been a tireless campaigner who has successfully combined travel all over the world as a Cabinet minister with the construction of a well-honed party machine and a winning electoral strategy. With his daughter at the wheel of a battered Renault, Soares crisscrossed the country during the campaign with a message that blended his old radicalism with a new sense of moderation. His political platform swung many voters, but his dynamic personality clearly did the rest.

—ANDREW NAGORSKI with MIGUEL ACOCA in Lisbon and EDWARD BEHR in Paris

CYPRUS:

Inching Toward Peace

Ever since Turkish forces invaded Cyprus last summer, all efforts to restore true peace to that troubled island have failed. But undaunted, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim brought together the opposing sides for another try last week. And while no magic formula for peace emerged, the talks proved to be at least a first small step in that direction. "The main point is that they're not at each other's throats," said one U.S. State Department analyst.

More than anything else, Waldheim's modest success was due to a mixture of his own diplomatic savvy and some artful behind-the-scenes maneuvering by U.S. officials. The Secretary-General wisely chose not to convene his peace talks on war-torn Cyprus itself. Instead, he called Greek-Cypriot leader Glafcos Clerides and Turkish-Cypriot spokesman Rauf Denktaş to the more temperate climes of Vienna's old Hapsburg Imperial Palace. Having coaxed the opposing sides to the ornate negotiating table, Waldheim then carefully side-stepped their thorniest problem: what kind of government Cyprus should have. Inevitably, Denk-

tash stuck to his insistence on a bizonal arrangement and Clerides continued to call for a multiregional federation that reflected the Greeks' population edge. Less predictably, the two leaders quickly agreed to Waldheim's suggestion that the whole matter be turned over to a six-member panel of Greek and Turkish legal experts, including both the Greek-Cypriot and Turkish-Cypriot chief justices, for some new ideas for compromise suggestions.

Issues: Having thus disposed of the major stumbling block to fruitful negotiations, Waldheim steered the talks to some more immediately solvable issues. The two sides quickly agreed to exchange information about remaining "missing persons" on the island, a convenient euphemism for the prisoners of war that neither side on Cyprus claims it holds. And after one week of negotiations Clerides and Denktash also decided to reopen battle-damaged Nicosia airport, which has remained shut down since last July.

To outsiders, those agreements might appear almost trivial. And it was true that Waldheim proved unable to nail down an accord that would allow the 180,000 Greek refugees on the island to return to their homes. But to most diplomats, the fact that the Secretary-General convinced Clerides and Denktash to agree to anything at all was reason enough for rejoicing. Although they admitted that a single unpredictable incident could cause the talks to collapse, U.S. officials detected the glimmerings of a new mood on Cyprus. As one of them put it, "There's a heightened feeling that they are all Cypriots and that the time has finally come to find a workable agreement for peace." Perhaps the best sign such a consensus had begun to form was the fact

that Clerides and Denktash agreed to meet again under Waldheim's aegis early next month in Vienna. In parting, in fact, Clerides and Denktash once more declared themselves to be "old friends."

• In Athens last week, the Greek Government made good a threat first uttered last summer when Turkish forces invaded Cyprus. American and Greek officials announced that U.S. Sixth Fleet ships will no longer be home-ported in the Greek city of Eleusis. In addition, a number of U.S. military bases in Greece will be closed and those that remain will be placed under Greek command. Facilities to be shut down include the American air base at Athens airport, a missile site and air and naval bases plus a telecommunications center on Crete.

**BRITAIN:
Staying Afloat**

For a moment last week, Britain's ruling Labor Party looked as if it were about to make its own Prime Minister walk the plank. But when the dust of battle had cleared, the redoubtable Harold Wilson still stood as captain of the ship.

Wilson's troubles began two weeks ago when a special Labor Party conference refused to support his call for continued British membership in the Common Market. Emboldened by their victory, anti-Market Cabinet ministers scheduled a meeting of the party's National Executive Committee for a day when they knew Wilson would be in Jamaica attending a Commonwealth meeting. Their purpose: to seize control of Labor's headquarters machinery in order to launch an all-out anti-EEC drive



Wilson: Still the captain

before the June 5 referendum.

But the anti-Market's attempted coup ended in utter failure. Frightened by the prospect of an open civil war within the party, some anti-Market's suddenly refused to give the rebellion their support. And staff members at party headquarters threatened to resign if ordered to take sides in the referendum battle. As a result, last week's meeting lasted a mere 27 minutes and not one of the militants spoke up. As one Wilson supporter put it, "They marched the troops right up to the top of the hill and then marched them down again." And for the Prime Minister, sunning himself in Kingston, the good news was sweetened still further by the latest public-opinion poll, which showed that a majority of Britons in every region of the country now favor staying in the EEC.

Still, the battle over the EEC is by no means finished. Anti-EEC groups are already complaining bitterly that the government "has come dangerously close" to rigging the referendum to get a "yes" vote. They are particularly incensed by the government's plans to mail three leaflets to 20 million British homes. Only one sets out the case for getting out of the EEC, and one of the two pro-EEC leaflets is supported by a sixteen-page document that contains a strongly worded note from Wilson himself. It is his personal commitment to the battle, clearly one he must win if he is to keep his political career afloat.

**NORTHERN IRELAND:
Ballots and Bombs**

Because they are essentially irrational, tribal wars are among the hardest wars to mediate. And if the British had forgotten that fact, they have relearned it in Ulster: every attempt that London has so far



Denktash (left), Waldheim and Clerides: No quick answers, but a beginning

The Orwellian Curtain Descends

BY EDWARD BEHR, Regional Editor, Europe

In his autobiographical book "Good-Bye to All That," Robert Graves described how as a young British officer straight from the World War I trenches, he found it impossible to explain the contradictory realities of that war to his insular, blinkered countrymen.

In between multiple tours in Vietnam from 1967 to 1971, I was equally tongue-tied, especially with my left-wing French intellectual friends. It seemed clear to me that they were caught in an understandable but utterly simplistic Manichaeic box. For them, tiny North Vietnam, successfully resisting the full brunt of the huge imperialist war machine of the U.S., had become the symbol of absolute purity. Equally, South Vietnam had become the embodiment of absolute corruption and evil—and nothing I could say made any difference.

Interestingly, in the last few weeks some of those very same French intellectuals have been exposed to the realities of Vietnam on the ground and for the first time they acknowledge being confused by facts. Jean-Francois Held, one of the finest reporters for the left-wing *Nouvel Observateur*, witnessed the final debate in what is now Ho Chi Minh City. A day before the surrender he concluded: "Here it would be dishonest or mad to pretend that the peasants were being compelled to run away or ran only to flee the war." Wherever he went, Held found Vietnamese from all social classes, including the poorest, saying to him: "We like our freedom." "The freedom of the Saigon suburbs, inherited from Thieu and the CIA?" he wrote. "It's enough to make you tear your hair."

Lucidity: Held also discovered that "here there are two mentalities: two cultures for the moment irreconcilable. When one thinks in terms of right or left, one forgets that there are two Vietnams . . . That's fine from afar. But on the ground . . . it's not unlike the American Civil War . . . and after all, one can't expect the refugees to make up their minds with that superb lucidity we display in Paris."

Similarly, Held found that "the official position of Hanoi, of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the constant harking back to the Paris agreements and to the theme of the people rising as one man against the tyrant is a bit thick. The 200 tanks waiting at Xuan Loc to drive on to Saigon were not driven by the PRG maquis, as far as I can make out. Had there been a semblance of real elections, the PRG wouldn't have obtained 20 per cent of the votes."

"Having dealt with imperialism for a century, Hanoi has become Communist and tough," Held concluded. "The south has made itself soft and corrupt to seduce

and survive. A whole way of life is going down the drain. Of course some bastards profited from it, that's for sure. But simple people, for reasons good or bad, were attached to it as well. And it's hard to make fun of them after weeks spent in the narrow limbo of Saigon."

Other left-wing French reactions have been less sharp, but equally pertinent. An editorial in *Le Monde* admitted that while "rejecting the alien cultural graft, the Vietnamese masses failed to side with the revolution" and added that while "the great mass of the population would not live under the regime of their

the Vietnam question and that the systematic violation of the Paris agreements was a two-sided affair from the start.

There is another aspect to the war's aftermath of more personal concern. In South Vietnam, we journalists wrote what we saw and felt—defeats, corruption, inept generalship and all. Indeed, it was the reporting of the war, including the publication of the Pentagon papers, that led to U.S. disengagement and to Hanoi's final conquest of Saigon.

Sanitization: The curtain of silence already imposed by the new Phnom Penh administration means that we will know



Behr in Vietnam: 'There were always two sides to the question'

dreams, they would at least know peace."

Jean Lacouture, the veteran French expert on Vietnam, who so constantly downplayed the role of North Vietnam during the whole time America was actively involved in the war, wrote that "an attempt by the virtuous and monolithic north to absorb the petulant and multifaceted south would provoke cruel convulsions." With evident foreboding, he added: "We hope that foreign imperialism will not be replaced by a form of internal imperialism."

Violation: By its systematic rejection of all General Minh's successive concessions and an escalation of terms culminating in a demand for abject unconditional surrender by the south, Hanoi showed that it was not quite the "underdog" it appeared earlier to some to be. It is ironic that the French intellectual liberal left has only now begun to conceive that there were always two sides to

only what the new masters want us to know about Cambodia and, in time, Vietnam. I have no doubt that in a few years there will be a spate of stereotyped stories from visiting Western correspondents. Their dispatches will dutifully describe South Vietnam's model farms and factories and feature interviews with carefully selected individuals, including, as in China, repentant "former capitalists and black marketeers." I have always found the conception of Orwellian "Newspeak" repellent and degrading. And since the process of thought control applied by Asian Communists is a form of "sanitization" more effective, if less brutal, than overt torture, I shall read such stories—or perhaps even write them—with considerable doubt. The truth is that there can be only one answer to the question: "What were things really like in Cambodia and North Vietnam after May 1975?" That answer: We may never know.



BY ARRIGO LEVI
Editor-in-Chief, La Stampa

THE THIRTY YEARS' PEACE

The 30th anniversary of the victory of democracy over fascism is now being observed in Western Europe. The celebrations began in Italy on April 25. On that day in 1945 partisan brigades, after a year and a half of bitter fighting and 60,000 dead, drove the Germans out of most of the big cities of north Italy, just before the arrival of the Allied armies. At the beginning of May, following Adolf Hitler's suicide, the infamous men of the SS killed off, in their concentration camps, the last survivors of the German resistance movement. Then, on May 8, the bloodiest conflict in recorded history ended.

Even in the first flush of victory, nobody dared to say in 1945, as people had in 1918, that the Allies had successfully waged "the war to end war." Indeed, there were places, like Indochina, where bloodshed continued right up until this week. Around the world during the last three decades, one conflict has overlapped the next. Even Europe has seen two Soviet invasions of neighboring states—Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. Nonetheless, on the whole, the European continent has enjoyed 30 years of unprecedented peace.

FACING WEST

Most people would add that the idea of an inter-European war has now become unthinkable, certainly as far as Western Europe is concerned. It may be so. But the world's highest concentration of weapons, both conventional and nuclear, is still on the continent of Europe. Could they ever be used? Recently, top Chinese leaders, among them Deputy Foreign Minister Ho-Ying, have warned visiting Western journalists that Europe, not China, is the place where the next war will be fought. The main body of Soviet armies, the Chinese point out, faces west, not east, and they claim that the Soviets intend to attack in Europe, maybe soon. Mao Tse-tung himself has apparently told one visiting European foreign minister that if Western Europe wants to avoid disaster it had better keep close to America.

Is this danger real? Or are the Chinese just trying to contain in Europe Russia's enormous military power and vast political ambitions? That would certainly be understandable at a moment when Rus-

sia may be on the eve of completing the encirclement of China through its Communist allies, following the withdrawal of America from the Asian mainland.

Few people in the West take the Chinese warnings seriously. But some respected European and American experts agree with the Chinese in judging that the main direction of potential Russian expansion is once again Europe—the center, rather than the periphery, of the world. And some recent Soviet assessments of the "general crisis of the West" (among others, a lengthy article by top ideologist Boris Ponomarev) would seem to point to a Russian awareness that the present disarray in the West creates new opportunities for Soviet and Communist expansion.

STABILITY NO MORE

The Russians appear to believe—or might come to believe, unless events were to disprove these theories—that Europe is no longer a "stabilized area" where East is East and West is West and the frontier between the two cannot be changed. And they surely do feel that Communist political penetration of some of the "weaker" countries of southern Europe (Portugal, Greece, Spain, France, Italy) is again possible. Recent developments in Portugal, the near victory of Mitterrand with Communist support in the last French Presidential elections and Communist pressures for a "historic compromise" with the Christian Democrats in Italy are all in Soviet eyes indications of this new "hopeful" trend in European affairs.

In order to facilitate their penetration of Europe, however, the Soviets would not dream of using military force in the way the Chinese suggest. On the contrary, they would pursue détente with the U.S., in order to create the premises for gradual American withdrawal from Europe.

Of course, this is not the first time in the last 30 years that Western Europe has felt insecure. The Continent's centuries-long history of wars and bloodshed doesn't make it easy to believe that peace is going to last forever. It is certainly true that Western Europeans have never had it so good as they do now: this most beautiful and varied region of the earth, incomparably rich with splendid cities

and civilized landscapes, is flourishing as never before after its 30 years of peace. The present state of Europe shows what can be achieved through the active cooperation of former enemies. But for how long is all this going to last? Isn't Western Europe too divided politically and too weak in its determination to defend its own achievements and liberties?

Reassuring answers can, of course, be offered to these doubts and questions. There is no single concrete sign of a resurgence of aggressive intentions in Moscow. On the contrary, the flow of capital and trade between East and West has never been so vast; the Russians obviously need it. It is also a fact that there still exists in Central Europe a substantial balance of strategic power: why should the prudent Soviet leaders suddenly embark on a crazy, suicidal attack? Nor has the American commitment to Europe vanished: post-Vietnam America seems perhaps keener than before to strengthen its European ties, as if it were itself in need of reassurance.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

As far as political developments are concerned, it is also possible to see a bright side of the coin. Portuguese events tend to show that the spontaneous "spirit of the times" in Europe is democratic rather than dictatorial. No "historic compromise" is actually in sight in Italy and political events there, as well as in France, do not necessarily point to a breakdown of democracy. And in spite of much violence and confusion, nowhere in Europe has social anarchy followed in the wake of an economic crisis which, while severe, is being surmounted.

This picture, however, would look infinitely more stable and reassuring if the process of political unification in Western Europe had not come to a stop. Waiting for Britain's decision on whether or not to stay in the EEC, Europe lives in a state of suspended animation. If this were to continue for long, even past achievements like the Common Market could fall apart. Only a quick new start toward unification could make national political anomalies less dangerous to everybody's freedom and could convince Europe's powerful neighbors beyond all doubt that peace is the best policy for all.

made to bring the warring Catholics and Protestants of that strife-torn province together has ended in abject failure. Finally, nine months ago, the British decided to see whether Ulstermen could work out their own destiny by electing a 78-man convention to draw up a new constitution for the province. And so last week the weary people of Northern Ireland were called to the polls for the sixth time in two years.

Once again, however, Britain's hopes of finding a political solution to the Ulster problem seemed doomed to disappointment. Scarcely had the first returns begun to come in when it became clear that Ulster's hard-line Protestants were headed for a major victory. In the

some such a development might prove, they had only to look to Ulster's latest casualty figures: despite the cease-fire declared by the Irish Republican Army last winter, no fewer than 35 people were killed in sectarian feuding last month alone. One of the dead was Billy McMullan, an IRA commander who was gunned down last week on a Belfast street as his wife looked on. And on Election Day itself two Catholic candidates for the upcoming constitutional convention narrowly escaped assassination.

Confronted with yet another political standoff and the very real prospects of even more killing, a growing number of Ulstermen have begun to slip into a mood of grim apathy. Not surprisingly,

close call several months ago—have sent their offspring to school in neighboring countries. "I can't live in Italy any longer; I'm afraid they'll kidnap my children," says actress Sophia Loren, who has moved to Paris with her two sons and visits with her husband, film producer Carlo Ponti, on weekends.

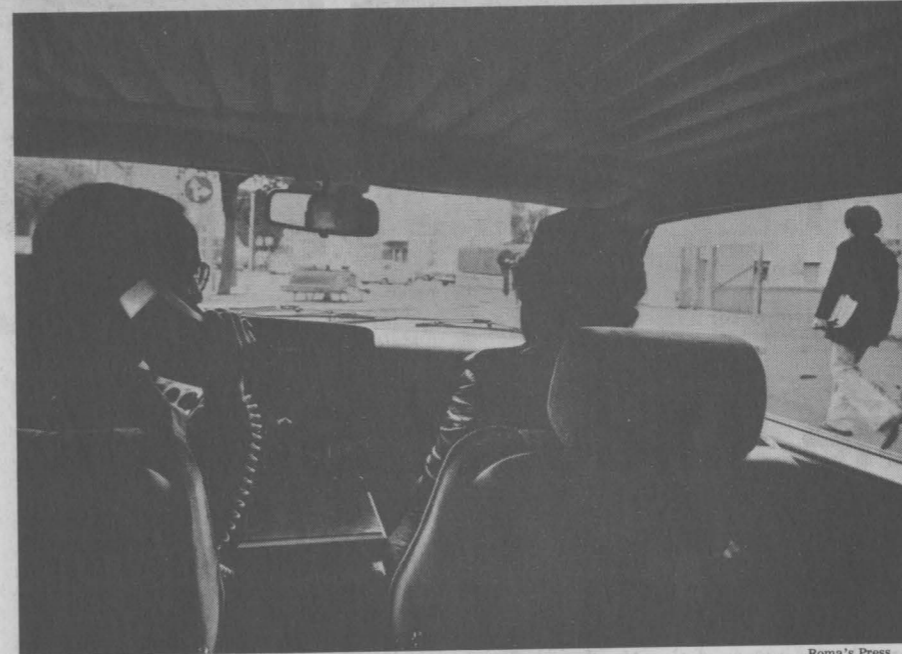
Karate: Many wealthy stay-at-homes have hired armed bodyguards, known popularly as "gorillas." The employers include actresses Claudia Cardinale and Audrey Hepburn and Rome building contractor Renato Armellini, whose teen-age daughter fought off would-be kidnapers last fall. Some bodyguards earn close to \$1,000 a month, three times the salary of an Italian patrolman. Antonio Sorace, who runs a detective agency in Rome, reports that there is a growing demand for his agents, who are trained in marksmanship and karate and reportedly earn \$80 a day.

Other suppliers of kidnap protection also are thriving. The Altamura dog kennel in Rome says the public demand for fierce Alsatians, mastiffs and Dobermans is skyrocketing. In northern Italy, the Fontana Brothers, an automobile firm in Borgo San Dalmazzo, is selling custom-made Fiat 132's that come equipped with sirens, sealed windows, electrically locked doors and other ingenious protective devices. Some insurance companies are said to be selling kidnap policies. The details are kept secret, partly to avoid encouraging kidnapers and partly because the Italian Government insists that they are illegal. In any case, the policies are quite expensive, with 10 per cent deductibles and annual premiums amounting to 3 per cent of the face value.

'Scippi': The best insurance, argues Sardinian industrialist Federico Tondi, who was released by kidnapers last month, is to have been snatched once already. "I don't think they would ever strike twice at the same person," says Tondi. Maybe not, but Italy's rip-off artists have other ways of striking at the rich. Increasingly brazen *scippi* (purse-snatchers) are relieving wealthy women of pocketbooks, jewelry and furs in record numbers. Typically, they work in pairs in broad daylight and roar off on motorcycles when they are finished with their victims. Some of Rome's more fashionable ladies have stopped wearing jewels and carrying cash, and a few helpful tailors have devised silk cover-ups to be worn over mink coats and jackets in the hope that robbers will mistake the valuable garments for fur-lined parkas.

For wealthy men and women alike, today's watchword is "look poor." Baronessa Clementina Malfatti Ballador di Montetretto, for example, now leaves her two Mercedes parked in the courtyard of her villa in Verona. Instead, she rides in a plain white Fiat 600—and hopes that no evildoer will notice her liveried chauffeur.

—FAY WILLEY with SARI GILBERT in Rome



Private detectives assigned to guard schoolchild in Rome: 'A touch of terror'

final tally, the United Ulster Unionist Council, a coalition of militant Protestant factions, captured 46 of the seats in the convention. That will virtually enable them to dictate the terms of any constitutional proposals and to veto the demands of Ulster's two biggest Catholic parties for some kind of link between Northern Ireland and Eire.

The chief result of last week's vote, in short, was to relegate Ulster's Catholics once again to the all-too-familiar role of an impotent opposition. Convinced that a convention controlled by the Protestants will inevitably fail to produce a constitution acceptable to London, some Ulstermen now fear that the British Government may ultimately decide to abandon direct rule of the province. Should that happen—and the fact that British public opinion increasingly regards Ulster as "Britain's Vietnam" makes it by no means impossible—the result might well be another escalation of violence or full-scale civil war.

If the voters who turned out last week needed any reminder of just how grue-

last week's election brought only 65 per cent of the province's voters to the polls. It also prompted one Belfast housewife who shunned the election to comment: "Five times I've voted for peace and now it's further away than ever."

—CARTER S. WISEMAN with PETER R. WEBB in London and BARRY WHITE in Belfast

ITALY:

Gorilla Theater

"Kidnaping today is a solidly based industry," declares Gianni Bulgari. The 40-year-old Roman jeweler ought to know. He recently spent a month in the hands of kidnapers before his family ransomed him for a reported \$16 million. Currently, Italians are being kidnaped at the rate of one every six days, and since most of the victims are rich, a touch of terror has been added to *la dolce vita*.

Some potential kidnap victims have responded by fleeing the country. Actress Gina Lollobrigida and sculptor Giacomo Manzù—whose two children had a



Arafat in Moscow, Hussein in Washington: Hopes for a fresh start with Ford

Tass from UPI



Pictorial Parade

Climbing the Mideast Summit

Henry Kissinger was waiting on the apron as the Boeing 707 piloted by Jordan's King Hussein circled for a landing at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. As the aircraft touched down, a hydraulic line ruptured, an engine began to smoke and the plane lurched to an abrupt halt short of the red carpet. Hussein's passengers looked around nervously, but then the intercom flicked on and the King announced: "There is no need to worry. Everything is okay. The only inconvenience will be to Henry, who will have to walk an extra 50 yards to greet me."

The Secretary of State took the extra steps without complaint. In recent weeks, while Indochina was going under and the U.S. was "reassessing" its policy toward the Arabs and Israelis, Washington had scarcely uttered a peep on Middle Eastern affairs. The arrival of Hussein—at a time when Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon was in Paris and Palestine Liberation Organization chief Yasir Arafat was visiting Moscow—made it clear that the U.S. had not given up its role as a prime mover in the diplomacy of the Middle East. The point was hammered home a few days later with the disclosure in Washington that President Ford was planning summit meetings with both Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin.

After the collapse of Kissinger's shut-

tle talks with Egypt and Israel in late March, Ford and Sadat had exchanged messages on several occasions. The Egyptian President was said to be heartened by the "positive" tone of Ford's comments. Since Ford was scheduled to attend a meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Brussels on May 29 and 30, and since Sadat was planning a visit to Yugoslavia about that time, the two leaders set a date for June 1 and 2 in Salzburg, Austria. Rabin was expected to come to Washington sometime later next month.

Squeeze: Sadat has made it clear that he would like Kissinger to resume his shuttle diplomacy. Sadat also would like to use the Salzburg summit to squeeze more military and economic aid out of the Soviet Union. In his May Day speech last week, he went out of his way to praise Kissinger's efforts on the Middle East and to criticize the Kremlin for refusing to reschedule payments on the huge debt that Egypt owes Russia. "Our friends in the Soviet Union," said Sadat, "should understand our difficulties."

The Salzburg summit offered Ford the opportunity to regain the diplomatic initiative for the United States. In recent weeks, the Soviet Union had been trying to expand its influence in the Middle East. In Washington, NEWSWEEK learned, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin held three or four meetings in recent months with Israeli Ambassador

Simcha Dinitz. High-ranking Soviet emissaries quietly visited key Arab capitals, and one Arab leader after another trekked to Moscow, most recently the PLO's Arafat.

One of the Kremlin's main objectives was a reconvened Geneva peace conference on the Middle East. A major sticking point was the participation of the PLO, with Arafat pressing for full participation in such a conference and the Israelis insisting they would never sit down with terrorists. Last week, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko urged Arafat not to press for representation at the opening sessions. The Palestinians, Gromyko argued, could enter the talks at some unspecified later stage. Moscow was rearranging its foreign policy at the expense of the PLO, because, as one Soviet official put it, "the world cannot afford to have the Geneva conference fail."

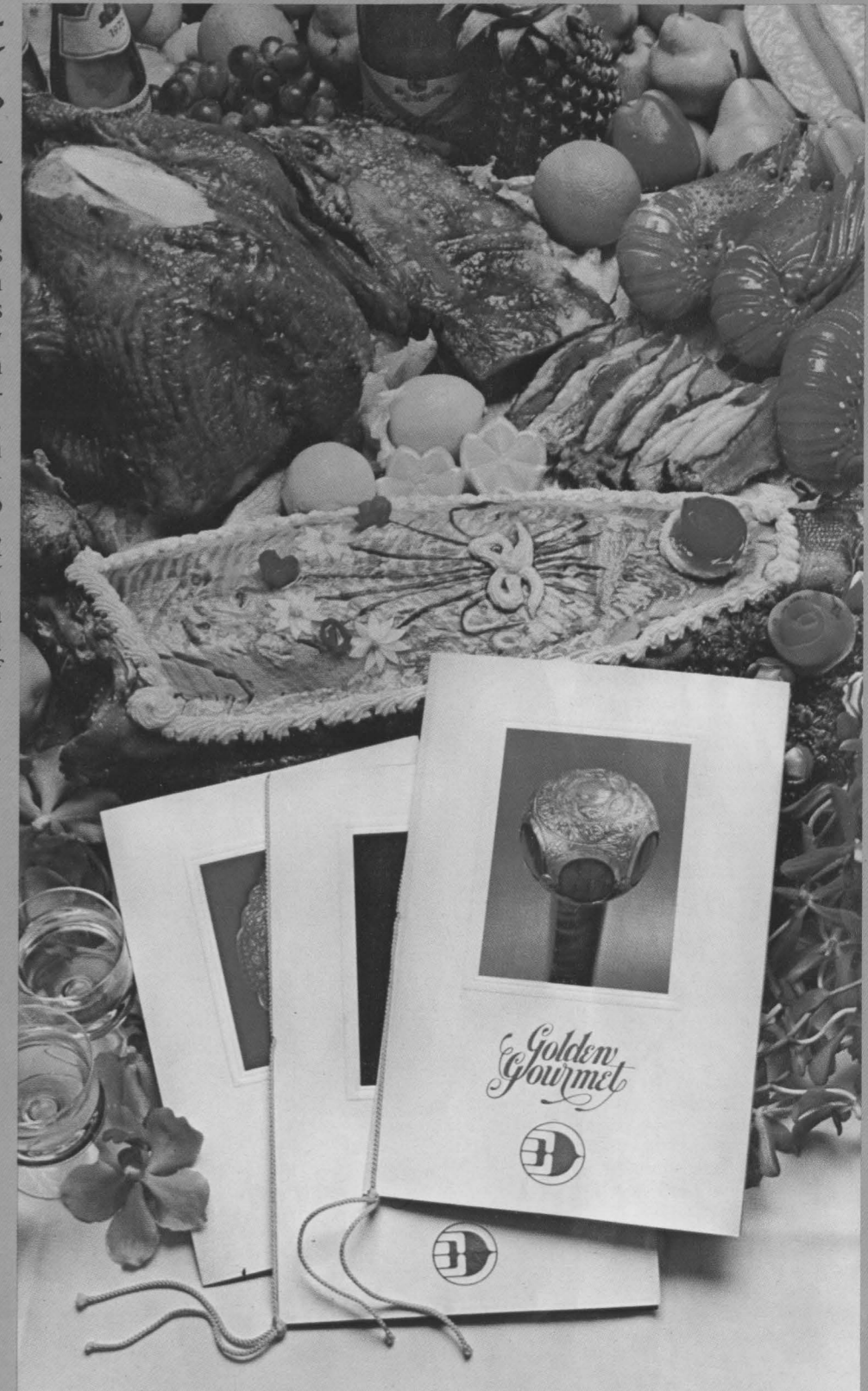
Disaster: For all the Soviet pains, however, few of the parties concerned were eager to rush into what could be a diplomatic disaster in Geneva. If it comes off at all, the conference will not convene until August or September. In the meantime, the Israelis—who still believe that time is on their side—show no sign of distress at the slow pace of diplomatic progress. In Paris last week, Foreign Minister Allon visited French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the first such meeting since 1967. Later

Golden Service

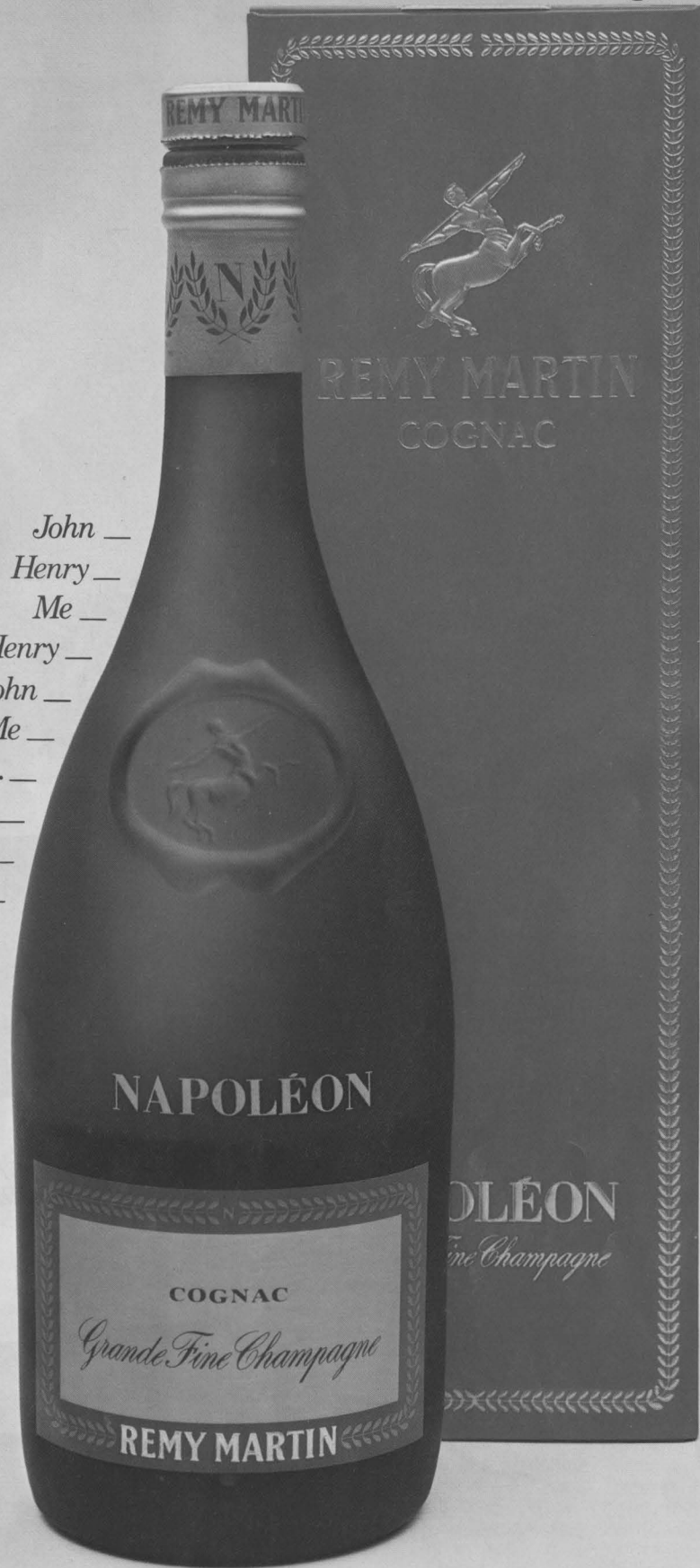
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feasts.

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a love story



John _
 Henry _
 Me _
 Henry _
 John _
 Me _
 Cathy... _
 Me _
 John _
 Henry _
 Me _
 Helen(?) _
 Henry _
 John _
 Me _

Doyle Dane Bernbach

Remy Martin. Grande Fine Champagne Napoléon.

Allon allowed that there were a few points "on which we agreed to disagree." Despite the "sad experience in Indochina," Allon added, he was confident that the U.S. would never abandon "its friends in the Middle East."

Clearly, the Ford Administration had no intention of abandoning Israel, but there was little doubt that both the President and Kissinger were still sore at the intransigent Israelis. Both men were convinced that Israel had tossed away a chance for real progress toward peace. While the U.S. reassessment of its Middle East policy proceeded, the Ford Administration was holding up consideration of Israel's latest request for military aid. "I can assure you," one high Administration official said last week, "that the President and Secretary are going to insist on real movement out of the Israelis before aid is resumed."

During his visit to Washington last week, King Hussein told anyone who would listen—including Ford, Kissinger and a clutch of Congressional leaders—that trouble surely lay ahead in the Middle East if the current diplomatic drift continued. Egypt and Syria have agreed to extend the mandate of the U.N. peace-keeping forces on their borders until July 30, but after that, the King warned, there was every chance of an explosion. In years past, Washington has tended to write off such warnings, especially from Arab leaders. But veteran State Department observers of the King's annual visits to the U.S. agreed that this time he had received his most attentive hearing yet.

—RAYMOND CARROLL with ARNAUD de BORCHGRAVE and BRUCE van VOORST in Washington and bureau reports

ISRAEL: Cleaning Cobwebs

Even by the standards of small-town politics in America or Western Europe, the bribes were hardly spectacular—a stereo set, cutlery, a suit of clothes, a girl's bicycle and free meals. But the problem was that the corruption was uncovered in the heretofore sacrosanct Israeli Defense Ministry. And the bribes involved were given to snare millions of dollars in military contracts at a time when ordinary Israelis were paying through the nose to maintain their armed forces. "It's almost treason," fumed Haifa Mayor Yosef Almogi last week after the floodgate of scandal burst over the country.

The first whiff of corruption in Israel's Defense Ministry came four months ago when employees complained of hanky-panky in the awarding of some military contracts. Vowing to clean up the situation with an "iron fist," Defense Minister Shimon Peres ordered an immediate investigation that culminated in the arrests over the past two weeks of eleven officials of his ministry, an air force major, a former brigadier general who was chief supply officer for the air force and five private contractors. As the police investigators told it, a sordid tale

of bribery, fraud and profiteering had been uncovered. Two of the private manufacturers arrested, Yohanan Rafiah and Yosef Marshak, stood accused of bribing an air force major to win a contract for fuel trucks that did not meet specifications. And two of the Defense Ministry officials charged by the police had allegedly channeled electrical contracts to firms in which they were majority stockholders.

All this had apparently been made possible by the government's preoccupation with the rapid expansion of its military arsenal. According to Dean Amnon Rubinstein of the Tel Aviv Law School, the nation's leaders apparently turned a blind eye to corruption between the Six Day War in 1967 and the October war in 1973. "The government's attitude

hanged," stormed a Jerusalem fruit peddler. One opposition-party member even demanded the resignation of Defense Minister Peres.

But most Israelis were quick to concede that Peres could not be held responsible for the wrongdoing, since most of it occurred before he took office eleven months ago. And although the Knesset (Parliament) decided last week to hold a full-scale debate on the scandal, Peres and Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin may yet emerge relatively untarnished. Already, in fact, they have received praise for creating the climate that has made it possible to root out corruption within the government. As The Jerusalem Post put it, "Finally the national broom is taking aim at some of the cobwebs."

—ANDREW NAGORSKI with JAY AXELBANK in Jerusalem



Contractor Rafiah under arrest: Fire storm

then was, 'Development at any price, defense at any price,' he says. And after the October war when the budget of the Defense Ministry ballooned to \$2.5 billion, mismanagement, inefficiency and corruption continued to flourish. In a 1,000-page report issued last week, State Comptroller Dr. I.E. Nebenzahl admitted that a "large part" of the \$33.3 million spent for Golan Heights defenses was wasted and that the scale of government spending was so vast that, therefore, "irregularities" were bound to occur.

Coming as they did on the heels of the Israel Corp. scandal, which led to the arrest of its chief, Michael Zur, for embezzlement and theft of company funds last month, the Defense Ministry revelations provoked a nationwide fire storm of protest. "The profiteers should be

ANGOLA: Luanda Explodes

Ever since Angola's three rival liberation groups agreed to form a joint transitional government last January, there have been ominous signs that the road to the independence that Portugal has promised to grant next November would be both bumpy and bloody. Although the most popular liberation group, the National Union for Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), has tried to maintain peace, the two other groups—the Marxist Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) and the anti-Communist National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA)—have repeatedly engaged in armed conflict. In March, more than 200 people were killed in the capital of Luanda before Portuguese Foreign Minister Melo Antunes could patch together a truce. And last week the MPLA and the FNLA were at it again, sparking

the worst round of bloodletting yet. From Luanda, NEWSWEEK'S Peter Younghusband reports:

The battle began early last week when trigger-happy fighters of the MPLA and FNLA shot at each other for no reason other than mutual hatred. In the four days of fighting that followed, between 500 and 600 people were killed—mainly on the outskirts of Luanda where the African *musseques* (townships) are situated cheek by jowl with residential areas inhabited by white Portuguese. When I visited the city morgue, where weeping relatives arrived to identify their loved ones, officials confirmed that "in excess of 500" bodies had been brought in. And local hospitals reported treating more than 700 wounded.

For the unfortunate African residents

of the musseques the outbreak of violence has been particularly dangerous. Most of their houses have only thin wooden or corrugated-iron walls, and bazooka shells and the bullets from high-powered automatic rifles easily zipped through them, killing the occupants as they slept or sat in their living rooms.

But while most of the victims have been innocent black civilians, the greatest effect of the latest outbreak may be on Luanda's white community. Sixteen whites were killed in the fighting. And for the first time Luanda's whites, who have stoically borne earlier clashes, were terrified. Indeed, many of them seemed on the verge of panic and flight from the country. Several hundred whites evacuated their homes in the worst-hit areas and dramatically dumped their household goods in front of the official residence of High Commissioner António Silva Cardoso. "We insist that you send troops to save our homes and our lives," they shouted. And when Cardoso refused to meet with them, the demonstrators, some of them weeping with rage and frustration, trampled down the iron fence in front of the building and attempted to storm the residence.

Although guards managed to turn back the angry demonstrators, Portuguese troops were finally sent in to suppress the MPLA-FNLA shoot-out. By the weekend, the fighting had subsided and Luanda appeared to be returning to a semblance of normality. Only the long, winding bread lines outside the newly reopened shops in the hungry city, which had been cut off from its sources of food during the fracas, indicated how serious the danger had been. As one shaken diplomat told me: "This is like a Mafia war, but on a much bigger scale. And God knows where it will end. There is now a serious risk of civil war."

SOUTH AFRICA:

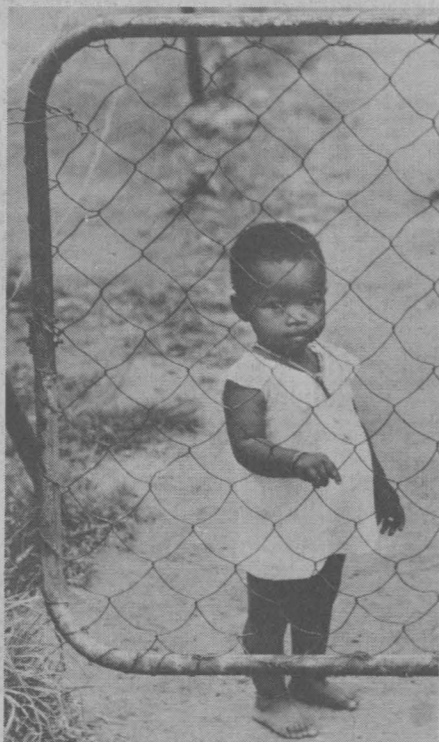
Ghetto in the Veldt

In pursuit of its white supremacist policies, the government of South Africa has long run up against a fundamental dilemma. While its leaders talk about a complete separation of the races, the country's booming industries remain dependent on local black labor. Starting in the early 1950s, the authorities in Johannesburg began experimenting with a new concept that they hoped would reconcile this conflict: they began construction of Soweto, a sprawling new African township about 20 miles outside the city—far enough away to be out of sight yet still close enough for black workers to be brought in daily by rail. But over the years Soweto has grown into South Africa's biggest and worst urban ghetto. And lately opposition members of Parliament and newspapers critical of the ruling Nationalist Party have focused public attention on the wretched conditions there. NEWSWEEK'S Peter Young-

husband recently visited Soweto and filed this report:

In its own peculiar way, the construction of Soweto could be viewed as a considerable achievement. Water lines and a sewage system were laid down in the desolate plains and thousands of identical, blocklike brick houses were erected in long, regular rows. While the setting remained stark and monotonous, the housing was at least clean. As far as South Africa's leaders were concerned, Soweto was both a political triumph and a humane alternative to the festering, tin-shack black slums that once clung to Johannesburg's very fringes and which, with the advent of Soweto, could be bulldozed out of existence.

But the dream of the white authorities soon turned into a nightmare for the



Eve Arnold—Magnum

Soweto baby: Grinding hopelessness

blacks who were forced to live it out. Conceived as a sort of gigantic dormitory for blacks who were needed to work in the white city, the original planning for Soweto foresaw a population of 500,000. But as it turned out, the South African Government had underestimated the massive industrial growth in Johannesburg and its environs in recent years. Johannesburg's boom created an increasing need for unskilled labor and that, in turn, attracted a flood of "illegal immigrants" to Soweto in hopes of finding jobs in the city. As a result, Soweto's population has long since zoomed past official expectations; now government statistics reluctantly admit to a population of 800,000. But it is common knowledge that Soweto's population is actual-

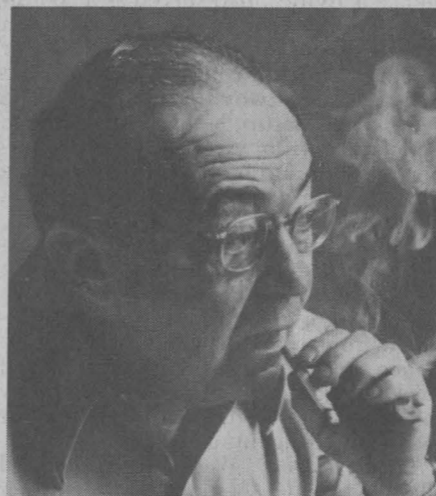
ly well above the 1 million mark.

To the true believers in apartheid, even the 20-mile separation between Soweto and Johannesburg might seem a bit too little for comfort. Technically, Soweto is located in an officially designated "white area" and its continued existence is a grudging concession to South Africa's industrial-labor needs. But its burgeoning growth has left government leaders horrified. Rather than admit that their efforts at keeping blacks away from the white cities has clearly failed, they have preferred to ignore the teeming concrete warren out in the veldt, cutting Soweto's budget to a minimum and leaving the town to its own devices.

Like other overcrowded, impoverished ghettos elsewhere, Soweto seems to be caught up in a perpetual crime wave. There are 1,000 murders a year and robberies and assaults are almost too common to talk about. After dark, Soweto's dusty, litter strewn streets become a battleground for bands of thieves and murderers who use machetes and sharpened bicycle spokes as weapons. "In this place a man will kill for a packet of cigarettes," says a weary member of the township's undermanned police force.

Beasts: Incredibly enough, Soweto boasts a few pockets of prosperity and even a millionaire or two who can afford to live high off the hog. In fact, because of the jobs in Johannesburg, the average Soweto household earns four times more than its rural South African counterpart. But for the vast majority of its residents, Soweto is hardly a fun place. There are only two cinemas, one amphitheater, two swimming pools, three athletic fields, four dance areas and 35 public telephones—most of which don't work. The overcrowding in its 220 schools is so severe that some headmasters are forced to lock and bar school gates to keep out excess pupils. Only a quarter of the houses have running water and as many as fourteen people often must crowd into a house with less than four rooms. Says Sugar Mangani, a resident and father of five: "Soweto is a big cattle shed from where we are herded like beasts into overcrowded trains which take us to work in the morning and bring us back again at night."

Under pressure from its critics, the South African Government has begun to budge a little to alleviate the grinding hopelessness and resentment in Soweto. Last week the government proposed adjustments in the law that will enable "qualified black persons" (those who have official permission to reside and work in "white areas") to, among other things, possess their own homes on a 30-year lease and to enter in business partnerships. But the critics insist that change must come faster lest despair in Soweto turn into rage. "Daily doses of acute discomfort put people in a highly hostile mood," observes one parliamentarian. "Anything can act as flash point."



Gjon Mili

Unmaking of a President: White at work, the Nixons at their farewell



AP

Breach of Faith

In the last days, they were afraid that he might come apart—that, as instant historian Theodore H. White recounts it, the President might go off in an "explosion of personality" disastrous to himself and the nation. The men around Richard Nixon had by then all heard or read the ruinous taped conversation that finally undid him, and had all concluded the obvious: that he was guilty as charged of obstructing justice in the Watergate affair. But Nixon, unfocused and erratic, was blind to that reality, and his removal, in White's retelling, became very nearly a psychiatric as well as a political problem for his palace guard. "What the men in the White House were involved in, without ever admitting it to themselves," writes White, "was the management of an unstable personality . . . a time bomb which, if not defused in just the right way, might blow the course of American history apart."

White's "Breach of Faith,"* scheduled for publication this month, is only the latest in a small library of books about those dangerous days—an outpouring that itself attests to the enduring fascination of Nixon and Watergate, nine months after the fall. This chronicle comes with imposing credentials—a first printing of 50,000, the rich blessings of Reader's Digest and the Book-of-the-Month Club and White's own substantial reputation after fifteen years as a professional President watcher. The book profited as well from White's access to all the principals except Nixon himself and chief defense counsel James St. Clair. His work thus, at least for a season, will

*373 pages. Atheneum/Reader's Digest Press. \$10.95.

be the "big book" about Watergate, and will doubtless be widely described as "definitive." It is considerably less than that—but it does, in its best passages, add some valuable illuminations to the record of the darkest time in American political history.

Its title announces White's main theme: that Nixon fell because he betrayed America's faith in the Presidency as an office that embodies the law and that ennobles even the smallest men. White was rather kind to Nixon in the last of his "Making of the President" books, and he refuses to see him as unambiguously evil now. His Nixon seems at moments as much victim as sinner—a man "soiled" by poverty, schooled in California's PR-conscious "politics of manipulation," sealed off and finally traduced by a crowd of advance men who knew how to run a gut campaign but not an honest government. White insists repeatedly on the "duality" of Nixon's soul, the bad coexisting with the "enormous" good. He sees the Nixon scandals largely as the acts of underlings, engaged not so much in conscious criminality as in a slow, unconscious "glide" beyond the bounds of law.

'Breakdown': White is at his reportorial best in his brief, I-am-a-camera glimpses into the world in which Watergate became possible. There is Pat Nixon relaxing over a second dry Martini in company and confessing that she never dared drink when that brush-cut Savonarola, H.R. (Bob) Haldeman, was around. There is John Ehrlichman announcing to a trustee of the Nixon Foundation that the President planned to rent his papers to his library—at \$200,000 a year. There

is Henry Kissinger fretting in the superheated days of Cambodia and Kent State in 1970 that the antiwar movement had Nixon "on the edge of nervous breakdown." There is Nixon in his glory toying with the idea of taping his own words and urging his library board to talk to the Disneyland people for pointers—they had "a wonderful dramatization of Lincoln talking." There is Nixon in his shame begging Secretary of State William Rogers to fire Haldeman and Ehrlichman for him, or at least to sit by him while the deed was done.

And there are flashes, undefined but suggestive, of a President losing his grip under the seismic shocks of Watergate—the Ervin hearings, the fire storms over the Saturday Night Massacre and the tapes, the defeats in the Supreme Court and the House Judiciary Committee. Associates fretted at discovering a Nixon they had not seen before—"another side to him," said Ehrlichman, "like the flat, dark side of the moon." He let the business of the Presidency slide—all but foreign affairs—to a point where his man Alexander Haig became deputy and finally de facto President. He grew restless and insomniac. He started drinking—"sometimes," according to some of White's sources, "as early as eleven in the morning." He could not see his own guilt even in that last "smoking-pistol" tape, and refused to speak to his own lawyer Fred Buzhardt for a week for daring to suggest it. "He really believed what he was saying, it was pathetic," Buzhardt told White; ". . . he could have passed a lie-detector test."

He had in the end to be eased from office, in what White describes accurately as a "palace insurrection" orchestrated by Haig in daily consultation with Kissinger and others of the Nixon senior staff. Nixon's family, led by Julie and joined by Bebe Rebozo, fought to save him, pleading with staff speechwriter

U.S. AFFAIRS

Pat Buchanan to run a last rear-guard defense. But Buchanan held them off, while Haig delicately choreographed the release of the tapes and the certain furor that would drive Nixon from office. The explosion they feared never came—only a last twitch of bitterness that his lawyers hadn't been "the best in the world" and some gallows humor to the effect that Gandhi and Lenin, among others, had done some of the best political writing of the century from their prison cells.

Pardons: The advance men who, in White's reading, helped bring Nixon low were still performing at the end. A last memo instructed him, "9:30 a.m. . . . You enter to 'Hail to the Chief' . . . There will be tape on the platform indicating where each family member should stand. There will be a slight separation between Mrs. Nixon and Tricia so that Mrs. Nixon will be closer to you as you speak." Haig, who thought of everything else, saw to it that telephone calls from Haldeman and Ehrlichman begging pardons never got to the President. The last, from Haldeman, reached Air Force One as it was carrying Nixon westward to California in the last minutes before his resignation took effect: Ronald Ziegler took the call—and refused to put it through to the boss.

Critics will probably accord "Breach of Faith" a mixed welcome; White's authentic gifts for narrative and character are often at war with his taste for high rhetoric and heavy judgment, and with his plainly hasty reading of the record as well. But it will surely be a best seller, and not only because of White's standing as a kind of institution of our political journalism. Watergate, like Vietnam, is likely to haunt the American consciousness for years, even generations, to come—a source of continuing introspection as to what went wrong and why.

White is a part of that analytic process, not its last word—and if his meditation on Watergate offers no more than provisional answers, at least the central one is likely to stand: America brought down Nixon because Nixon broke faith with America.

—PETER GOLDMAN

**THE CIA:
A Tale of Assassination**

Has the CIA plotted political assassinations? That unsupported charge has circulated for years, sometimes with vivid details, only to be ignored by the intelligence agency. But the rumors gained credence last week when former CIA director Richard Helms erupted in anger at a newsman who had brought up the reports again. With that, another former intelligence officer surfaced with details of what he claimed was CIA support of an early attempt on the life of Cuban Premier Fidel Castro.

The normally imperturbable Helms, now U.S. ambassador to Iran, blew his cool after emerging from a lunch that

followed his three-and-a-half-hour testimony before the Rockefeller commission studying charges that the CIA had engaged in illegal domestic spying. Coming face to face with CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr, who had earlier reported that the White House was concerned that CIA assassination plots might be uncovered, Helms exploded at him. "----sucker! Killer Schorr!" he hissed. Schorr stammered and Helms strode on, muttering, "Son of a bitch" and something that sounded like, "You're killing us" or "You're killing men."

Since Helms's questioning that morning had, by most accounts, been rather polite, his outburst was attributed to the growing tension he has been under for the past two years. Last week's appearance marked at least the seventh time Helms has been called home from Iran to testify on CIA matters ranging from Watergate to domestic operations. In addition, the Justice Department is understood to be exploring some of his previous Congressional testimony for evidence of possible perjury.

After the outburst, Schorr and other reporters asked specifically about assassinations, and Helms was intriguingly evasive. "So far as I know, the CIA was never responsible for assassinating any foreign leaders," he said. But he did not deny that there might have been discussions about such tactics—and he was not asked about unsuccessful attempts or CIA aid for attempts by others. "There are always discussions of practically everything under the sun," Helms sputtered at one point. Well, was assassination such a matter? one reporter wanted to know. "Well, I'm not about to answer your question," said Helms.

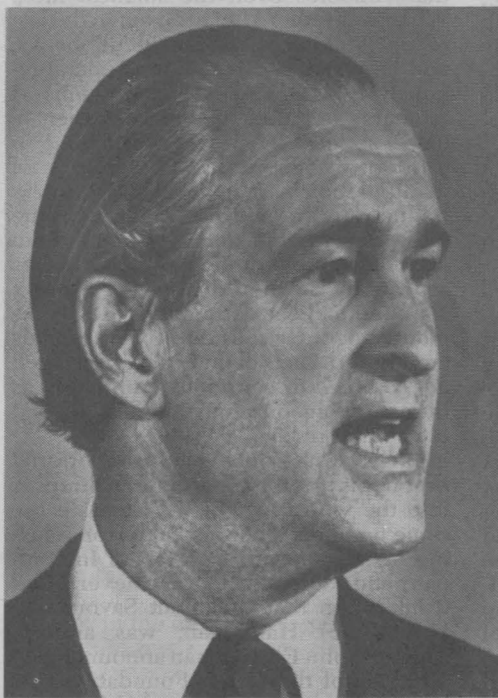
News of Helms's performance spurred

retired Air Force Col. L. Fletcher Prouty to come to Schorr's defense. Prouty, author of a 1973 book on U.S. intelligence activities, had served as a coordinator for Pentagon and CIA operations in the 1950s and early 1960s. In late 1959 or 1960, he said, he had been briefed on a CIA plan to fly two riflemen into Cuba to assassinate Castro; he had himself made arrangements for their L-28 Helio Courier to fly in and out of Eglin Air Force Base in Florida without triggering U.S. radar defenses.

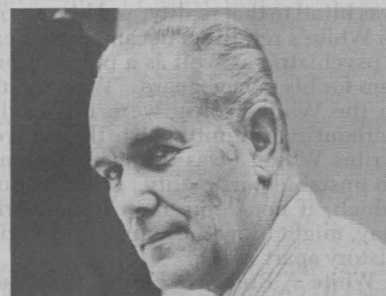
Prouty said the men were Cuban exiles, equipped with a high-powered rifle and telescopic sights, who planned to shoot Castro from a Havana office building in front of which he regularly passed. Since they never flashed a prearranged pickup signal, it was presumed that they had been captured, lost their nerve—or were double agents all along.

'Entirely Likely': Was it true? Richard Bissell, the CIA's deputy director for plans at that time, told NEWSWEEK that the agency had never approved or "sponsored" any assassination attempts. But he added, "It is entirely likely that there was an operation employing a light aircraft to infiltrate one or more agents into Cuba . . . It is pretty well known that the CIA has sponsored dissidents, and one can never be sure what action they will contemplate." Prouty has been asked to tell his story to Senate investigators and Helms will surely be called back from Teheran for more questioning on this and other cases of alleged CIA skulduggery. The former super-spy is already due for another trip home next week, but that at least should be diplomatically unstrained. Helms will be accompanying the Shah of Iran on a state visit.

—DAVID M. ALPERN with ANTHONY MARRO and EVERT CLARK in Washington



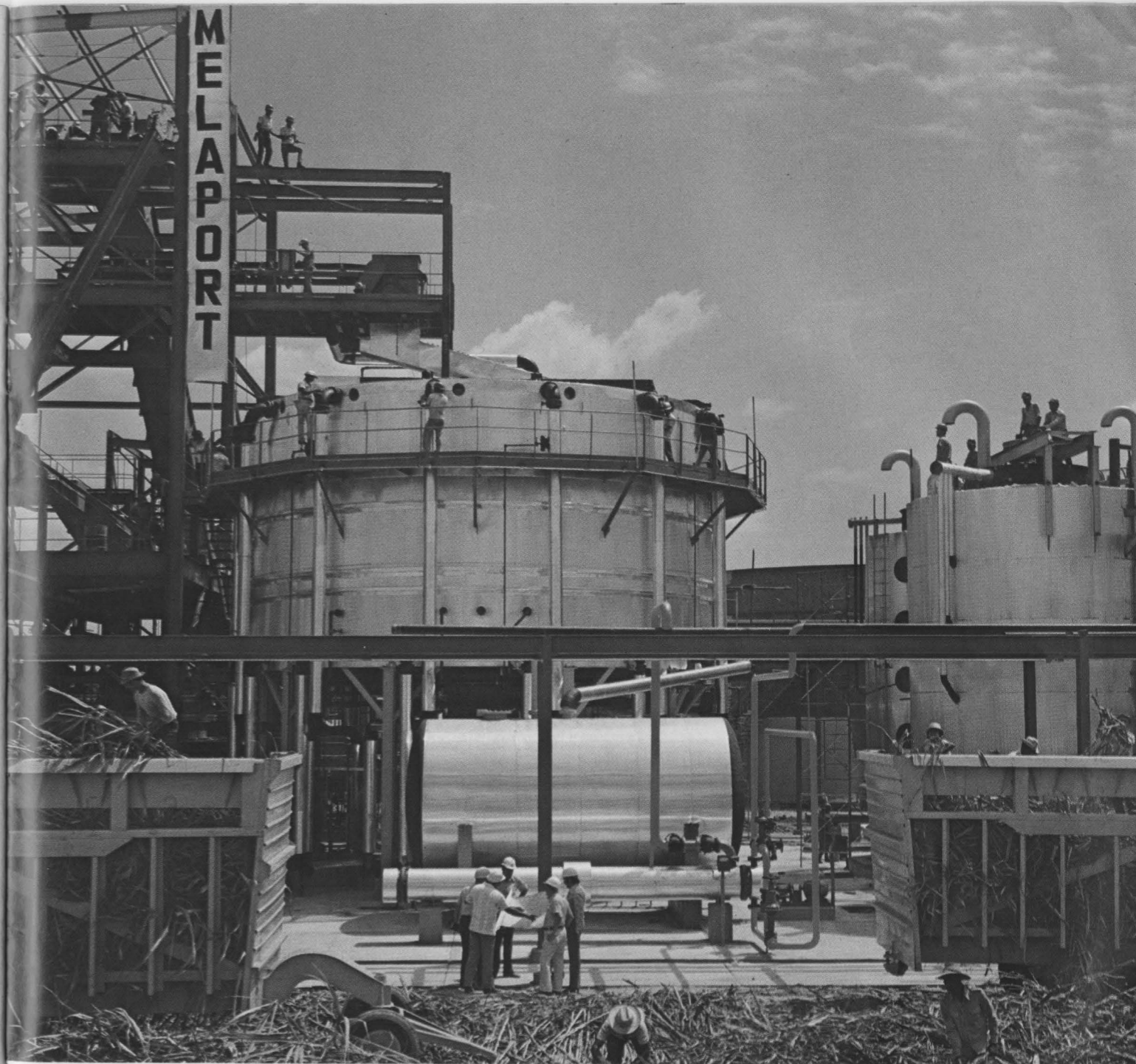
Helms: 'I'm not about to answer'



Prouty: A scheme to kill Castro?



Schorr: A chant of 'killer'



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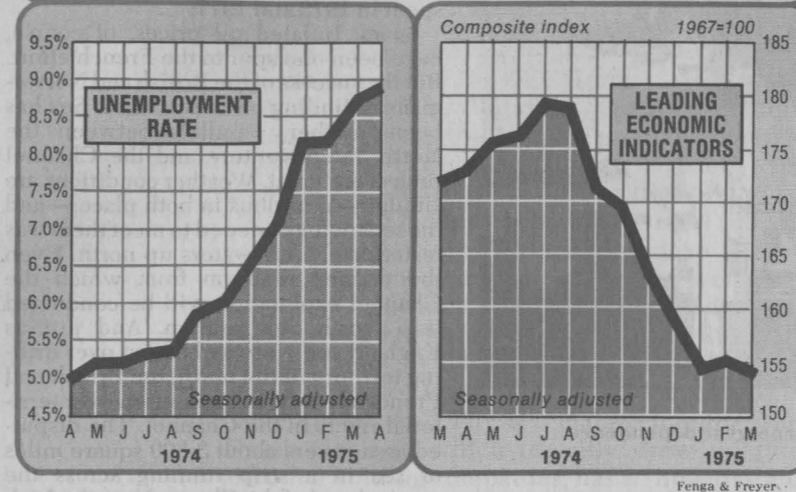
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BUSINESS AND FINANCE

HOPES AND FACTS

Although the experts are confident that a recovery is near, the latest reports make clear that hard times will last awhile before the economy bottoms out.



Easy Does It

Ordinarily, the dismal unemployment announcement that came out last week would have sent U.S. congressmen scampering for new proposals to create jobs. But when the Labor Department revealed that more than 8 million Americans, or 8.9 per cent of the work force, were without jobs in April, Congress was actually voting to hold down spending. The evolving consensus on Capitol Hill seemed to be that inflation, not unemployment, was the nation's biggest long-range problem after all. Even though the U.S. was still mired in its most painful postwar recession, there was already widespread fear that too much government stimulus now might cause an even worse boom-bust in 1976 or 1977.

That changing mood was remarkable in view of the gloomy news. The government's index of leading economic indicators turned downward again in April following a gain in March, a reliable sign that the bottom was still some distance away (chart). Even after the over-all picture improves, unemployment rates are likely to hover around 9 per cent for months. Factory orders dropped again in March, this time by 3 per cent. But Congress seemed more willing to accept the Ford Administration preachings that the country will be rewarded with an economic upturn starting this summer—without the risk of exacerbating inflation—if it will just bear with the bad news for a few more months. "There is no question in my mind that the No. 1 short-run problem is unemployment," Federal Reserve chairman Arthur Burns told the Senate Banking Committee last week. "But I'd say with equal emphasis that the No. 1 problem over the long run is inflation." Committee chairman Wil-

liam Proxmire of Wisconsin, who makes a practice of baiting the Fed, did not challenge Burns.

Congress signaled that it was moving closer to Burns's moderate views by scaling back its targets for the Federal-budget deficit for fiscal 1976. It once seemed possible that a Congressional spending spree might push the deficit as high as \$100 billion. But last week, the House voted to hold the red ink to \$70 billion and the Senate endorsed a \$67.2 billion shortfall. With President Ford bent on vetoing some spending measures and Congress itself cutting perhaps \$10 billion in defense and foreign-aid spending, the final deficit could end up in the area of \$65 billion—or not more than a small rationalization away from Ford's own target of \$60 billion.

Boom and Bust: The legislature's new fiscal conservatism stems from the spreading awareness that if it overspends in its efforts to end the recession, it will merely set the stage for an overexuberant boom followed by a worst-in-decades bust. According to this scenario, the Federal Reserve, as a matter of practicality and of political expediency, would have to increase the money supply enough to finance the vast budget deficits that would accompany the huge anti-recession spending. With money readily available, industry would tend to expand at a fast clip—too fast, in fact. The shortages of materials and capacity that plagued the economy in 1973 and 1974 would quickly crop up again. And when increased demand created by easy money ran into the shortages, double-digit inflation would erupt once more.

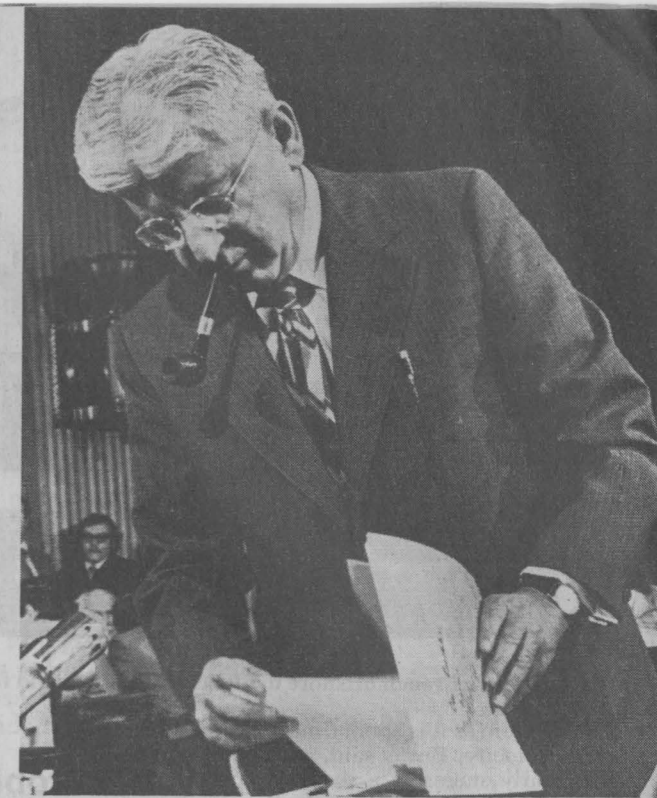
Eventually, the Fed would be forced to cut back the rate of monetary growth to

Burns: Beware of too much stimulus

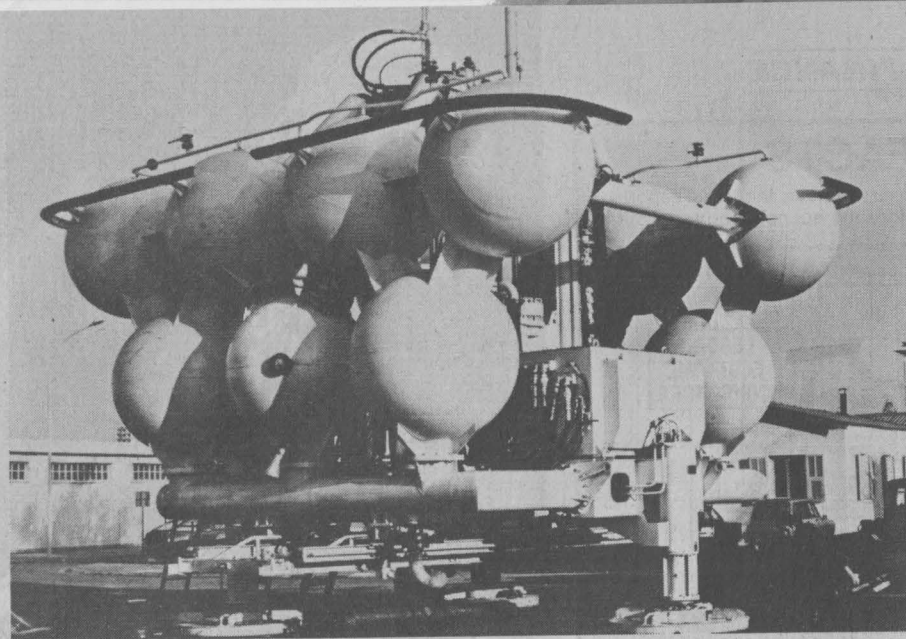
slow inflation. Tight money would send interest rates soaring, stifling business and leading to severe unemployment all over again. Because inflation and unemployment would be starting out from higher plateaus, they would far exceed the levels reached in the current boom-bust cycle. What's more, the Economist of London warned recently, the same pattern could bedevil all industrialized countries. "The bigger the slump, the bigger the boom," said the Economist and it called for a world economic conference this year to lay plans for controlling the boom it sees coming in 1977.

The Ford Administration is convinced that moderation will prevent such a disaster. Arthur Burns emphasized the point last week before Senator Proxmire's committee. In response to a recent Congressional resolution, he publicly outlined the Fed's targets for monetary policy for the first time in history. The Fed's plan for recovery, he said, is to increase the money supply at a rate of between 5 and 7.5 per cent for the twelve months to March 1976. That range, said Burns, was "sufficient to finance a vigorous economic recovery." It is not as much as the 8 to 10 per cent that many liberal economists would like, but it is faster growth than took place in either 1974 (4.7 per cent) or in the first quarter of this year (3.5 per cent). "Without restraint," said Burns, "we are going down the drain the way Great Britain is now."

If anything, Burns insisted, his monetary targets "err on the side of ease." He argued that the proposed growth rates were not at all low after allowance for the somewhat arcane concept of the velocity of money—that is, the rate at which money turns over within the banking



George James—New York Times



French offshore drilling rig: A serious bid for energy independence

system as it is spent time and time again. Velocity, Burns said, accelerates in the early stages of a recovery, making the impact of monetary growth more than it might seem. The Fed's policy, as explained by one insider last week, is to feed more money into the economy, but at a rate somewhat below the rate at which the government is spending. This produces less over-all economic growth than many would like, but it also keeps downward pressure on prices.

Anemic? There was some adverse reaction to Burns's historic revelation of his targets. Many members of the Federal Reserve's own staff think the goals are too low. Charles Schultze of the Brookings Institution commented acidly that the Burns policy would lead to "a quite anemic recovery." But other economists generally endorsed the approach. Typically, Sam Nakagama of Kidder, Peabody Co. said he'd prefer a little faster growth but that the Fed's target was "not something I'd quarrel too much with." Albert Cox of Lionel D. Edie & Co. said the Fed was right on the mark. "If they stick with it," he said, "we'll be in good shape, and the expansion could last into three years." The response in Congress was congenial. Senator Proxmire said he wished Burns had set a higher target for monetary growth, but neither he nor any one else on Capitol Hill took the occasion to attack Fed policy.

The nation may learn this week whether Congress's fiscal truce with Burns and the Administration will last. The President vetoed a bill to increase farm-price supports last week on the ground that the budget simply couldn't stand the expense. A vote to sustain that veto would go far in proving that the lawmakers have at long last accepted the painful premise that long-term economic stability must be put ahead of their immediate concern for jobs.

—DAVID PAULY with RICH THOMAS in Washington and PAMELA ELLIS SIMONS in New York

BUSINESS AND FINANCE

the end of 1975 and at least as many more in each of the next two years. A consortium of companies headed by the French-owned Total and Elf-Aquitaine groups is committed to investing more than \$30 million in the search this year—and similar sums will presumably be spent in 1976 and 1977.

Spurs: Inflated oil prices, of course, have been one spur to the French effort. But the success of the British and Norwegians in finding oil in the North Sea has been another. Parallels between the North Sea adventure and the Channel project are great. Weather conditions are similarly hazardous in both places—and the technology needed to meet them was tested in the icy waters up north. Even the drilling platform from which the Channel exploration will be conducted is a North Sea veteran. And just as England and Norway hassled over drilling territory in the north, the British and French are now in contention over territorial rights in the Channel. The disputed area covers about 3,800 square miles of sea in a strip running across the western end of the Channel into the Irish Sea. In a deal worked out last summer between British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, a five-man arbitration team will eventually settle the territorial quarrel. Meanwhile, each country is allowed to begin exploratory drilling in undisputed areas closer to their own coasts.

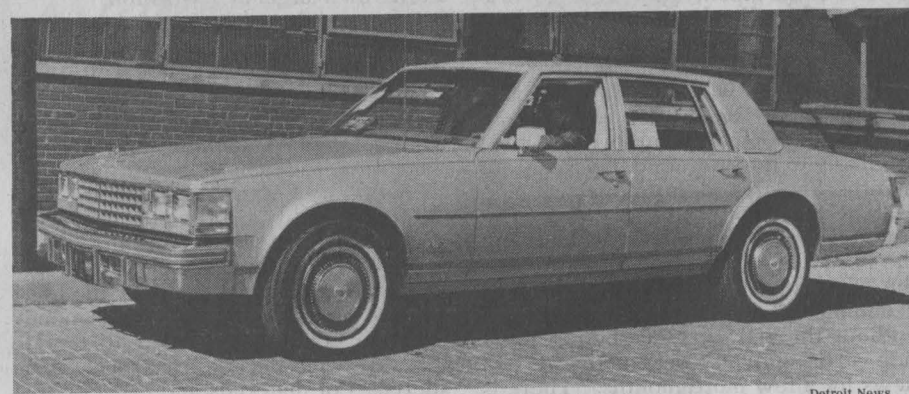
OIL:

Probing the Channel

The Danes are looking off the coast of Greenland. The Indonesians are exploring in the Java Sea. The Colombians are drilling in the Pacific. The Nigerians are searching the waters off their southern coast. Just about everyone, in short, seems to be hunting for offshore oil these days. And now France is about to join the pack with exploratory drilling in the Sea of Iroise on the western arm of the English Channel.

The French project comes after almost three years of testing in the rough and windy waters of the Channel and clearly represents a serious bid for energy independence (France currently imports 80 per cent of its fuel at an annual cost of \$12 billion). Drilling is slated to begin later this month at a site 66 miles northwest of Brest; this will be followed by the sinking of two other exploratory holes before

In the end, the outcome of the Channel



Detroit News

THINKING SMALL: Although inexpensive small cars are increasingly popular in the U.S., it's doubtful that's what Cadillac had in mind when it designed its luxury compact, the Seville. True, the new model is about the size of a small Chevrolet. But its boxy styling, full-size price tag (\$12,479) and posh appointments suggest that Cadillac is going after the moneyed set that's lately been favoring the Mercedes-Benz. Although the Seville just went on sale last week, orders have been piling up for more than a year now.

International Marketplace

Holland Loses Thyssen-Bornemisza Headquarters

Thyssen-Bornemisza, the giant Dutch-based holding company founded on the fortune of the late German steel magnate August von Thyssen, has decided to pull its corporate headquarters out of the Netherlands. Already, ultimate control of the Thyssen group has been vested in a new parent company registered at Curaçao in the Netherlands Antilles. And in September the group's main management board will move to new offices in Monaco. Ostensibly, Thyssen is making these moves in order to "manage and coordinate" its European and American interests more effectively. But there would seem to be another reason as well. Last year, Thyssen increased its interest in America's Indian Head Co., a diversified industrial concern, from 34 per cent to 90 per cent. The result was that the group's earnings jumped from \$24 million in 1973 to \$36 million in 1974. So long as Thyssen kept its base in Holland, these fat earnings would be vulnerable to legislation by the Dutch Government. And Thyssen management is known to believe that the present Dutch Cabinet, which recently drew up proposals for a capital-gains tax affecting holding companies, has a "negative attitude toward business."

Brazil and West Germany Plan Nuclear Deal

● In what could turn out to be the biggest single export deal in German history, the Bonn government last week approved a proposed agreement under which West Germany will supply Brazil with as many as eight nuclear-power plants in return for shipments of Brazilian uranium. The details of the exchange have yet to be worked out and, when they are, will have to be approved both by Euratom, the Common Market atomic energy agency, and by the International Atomic Energy Organization, the Vienna-based body that establishes the security conditions imposed upon exports of German nuclear-power equipment. If all goes well, the value of the proposed deal could amount to more than \$4 billion over the next fifteen years. The exchange arrangement could also help to reduce German dependence on the U.S. for supplies of enriched uranium, a material on which the American Government recently imposed a temporary export ban.

Norway Replenishes Its Military Arsenal

● In apparent emulation of Iran, Norway is using some of its newly acquired oil wealth to finance large-scale purchases of U.S. arms. All told, Oslo has earmarked \$700 million to pay for 72 General Dynamics F-16 fighter aircraft and an American modification of the Franco-German Roland II missile. The F-16s are part of the so-called "fighter deal of the century" and will be used to replace Norway's obsolescent fighters. The Roland will be employed in low-level ground-to-air defense along Norway's northern border with the Soviet Union. A French-made missile, the Crotale, had earlier been under consideration for the same role, but attempts to link the sale of the Crotale to Norway's stance on joining the EEC kicked up a major political storm in Oslo.

Indonesia to Clip Pertamina's Wings

● A group of nearly a dozen international banks headed by New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust is currently considering the desirability of giving a five-year loan of at least \$300 million to Pertamina, Indonesia's troubled state-owned oil

company. Such a loan would allow Pertamina to roll over to medium term some of its estimated \$1.6 billion in debt, most of which is now short-term. Meantime, the Indonesian Government has decided that Pertamina's chances of returning to rock-solid financial footing will be improved if the company surrenders some of the many projects it has undertaken that have, at best, only indirect relation to oil extraction. Among the schemes likely to be scaled down or transferred out of Pertamina's domain entirely are a steel complex on the west coast of Java, several fertilizer-manufacturing projects and certain luxury resort projects.

Iran Acts to Alleviate Hotel Shortage

● For foreign businessmen seeking a place to sleep, Teheran has long been a nightmare. The city's three luxury-class hotels are fully booked through 1976 and even the 70-odd less elegant hotels are not accepting reservations before September of this year. To remedy this situation, the Iranian Government has launched a crash three-year program to increase the number of hotel beds available in Teheran to 17,000—a 100 per cent increase over the present level. Under the new program, contractors are being offered 60 per cent construction loans at 6 per cent interest. In addition, the heavy import duties now imposed on essential hotel equipment will be lifted. Already, one new 200-bed luxury hotel is under construction and work is set to start on two others.

Iceland Gets Ferroalloy Plant

● Iceland, whose exports have hitherto consisted primarily of dried fish, is about to become a seller of ferroalloys. Under an agreement it has negotiated with the government of Iceland, America's Union Carbide Corp. will build a \$75 million ferroalloy plant at Hvalfjörður, on the west coast of Iceland. By 1977, the plant is expected to achieve annual production of 52,000 tons of 75 per cent ferrosilicon, an important ingredient in the manufacture of alloy steels. By agreement between Union Carbide and the Icelandic authorities, most of the output will be sold in the European market.

—STEPHEN KINDEL with bureau reports

project—and the French Government's high hopes for it—will depend largely on pure luck. As an oil executive involved in the drilling says: "You can't find what nature hasn't put there."

—KENNETH LABICH with SCOTT SULLIVAN in Paris

WALL STREET:

Competition at Last

After 183 years of fixed commission rates, Wall Street finally faced up to the full force of competition last week. While the government-ordered end to fixed charges did not bring the chaos that was once predicted, investors suddenly had an unusual variety of commission plans from which to choose. It was clear that the brokerage business was entering a new era in which a firm's survival will depend heavily on how well it merchandises its services.

As the May Day switchover came and went, individuals found they were paying about the same or a bit more to execute a stock trade. Institutions such as banks and insurance companies were being charged less.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the biggest Wall Street firm, raised the rates individuals pay on trades of up to \$5,000 by an average of 3 per cent. But the firm also offered discounts of as much as 25 per cent on these orders if customers paid for the stock in advance and accepted other restrictions. Charges on orders of \$5,000 to \$50,000 remained unchanged, although the firm's "most active customers," that is, institutions and some individual investors, can now negotiate commissions in that range. Commissions on all trades above \$50,000 will be negotiated. Another firm, Bache & Co., offered a 50 per cent discount to short-term traders who sell a stock they have bought in the previous 35 days or buy a stock they have sold. Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis is keeping its rates unchanged, but the firm now offers a new package plan that gives customers about a 10 per cent discount on all trades.

Bargain: These merchandising moves are certain to be just the beginning as the big firms test the competitive waters in the months ahead. Merrill Lynch, for instance, is likely to test-market a number of additional ideas, including one offering a customer a specified number of trades for one fee rather than charging a commission on each trade.

During the first two days of the new era, institutions were indeed bargaining hard and getting discounts of up to 25 per cent. Individuals didn't seem to be too concerned about what their commission charges were. As usual, they were more concerned with getting a profitable stock as the market continued to roar ahead. The Dow Jones industrial average jumped nearly 37 points last week to 848.45, including a 17-point gain Friday on news that the upward pressure on interest rates was abating.

—DAVID PAULY with PAMELA LYNN ABRAHAM in New York



Stamp dealers at Geneva sale (Robson Lowe, fourth from left): Indescribable lure

A Very Profitable Passion

If a cleaning woman were to find it lying on a desk, the yellowed envelope addressed to "Edward Gordon, Plantation Good Hope" might well seem to her fit for nothing better than the wastebasket. But consigning Mr. Gordon's envelope to the trash would be a costly error indeed. For in its upper-right corner are two small stamps printed in 1850. And last week at the Robson Lowe and Christie's auction sale of rare stamps in Geneva, an anonymous American collector put up nearly \$200,000 just for the pleasure of calling them his own.

The price of the two "cotton reels," as the precious stamps are known, was not a record; the world's most valuable stamp, an 1856 1-cent magenta British Guiana issue, brought \$280,000 five years ago. But the \$1.7 million total turnover at last week's two-day sale in Geneva did set an international record. And it helped focus new attention on the growing interest in what is commonly called stamp collecting—but is referred to reverently by those in the field as philately.

The origins of this strange passion probably date back to May 6, 1840, when the first prepaid adhesive postal stamp was issued in London. But serious philately did not get under way until nearly a quarter of a century later when several members of the British royal family asked the Royal Mail for reprints of that first issue to begin their collections. Since then, stamp collecting has spread like wildfire until today it is one of the most common and international of hobbies. It is also a booming commercial enterprise. Richard Gordon, president of Harmer & Rooke, one of the largest U.S. dealers, estimates that the stamp-auction trade already is running at some \$50 million a year worldwide. And some authorities claim the market is now

growing at a rate of 15 per cent annually.

As is the case with most other precious objects, the value of stamps is determined largely by rarity, demand and condition. A unique mint, or unused, block of four Mauritius 1848 1-penny stamps, for example, brought nearly \$145,000 at the Lowe sale. But even mistakes are highly prized. An unusually fine item that surfaced in Geneva last week was a 1901 U.S. 2-cent stamp showing an upside-down train chugging along with wheels in the air.

Security: What makes grown men—let alone small boys—spend hours poking through the ramshackle stalls of the Carré Marigny in Paris after such mutant bits of gummed paper? In recent years, one of the major attractions of stamp buying has been security against inflation. On American markets, many rare stamps have done far better than most stocks and bonds, while in Germany stamp prices have soared 20 per cent in the last year alone. London's Stanley Gibbons International, the world's oldest and largest stamp house, says its clients can depend on a minimum annual return of 10 per cent on long-term stamp portfolios. Claude Darget, a French collector, looks at stamps in even more down-to-earth terms. "If you start a stamp collection," he says, "and twenty years later your daughter wants to get married, you've got a pretty nice dowry."

Most serious philatelists, however, frown upon such crass commercialism. German dealers estimate that only about 10 per cent of stamp collectors stoop to speculation. And Swiss authorities claim that up to 90 per cent of the stamps sold in Geneva last week will never leave the collections of their new owners. "To a collector," insists a Japanese enthusiast, "his stamps are a piece of himself."



The Guiana 'cotton reels': \$195,000



An inverted 1901 U.S. stamp: \$19,000



The unique Mauritius block: \$144,000

As varied as the sources of the philatelist's passion are the hazards that go with it. Counterfeiters lie in wait with bogus bargains. And if a collector does manage to find a real treasure, he may see its value destroyed by mysterious factors. Not long ago, Portuguese stamps were much in demand. But, says auctioneer-collector Robson Lowe, the recent upheavals in Lisbon "killed the market almost overnight."

Most rare stamps, of course, do hold their value—if they don't actually increase. But they also almost inevitably become potential targets for professional stamp thieves. So widespread did stamp robberies become in England several years ago that Scotland Yard added a special philatelic squad to its art-and-

antiques section. "There's money in stamps," comments a Yard sleuth, "and where there's money there's villainy."

But for the devoted philatelist, even forgers, mercurial markets and thieves cannot induce a switch to classic cars or vintage Bordeaux. "Most people," says Robin West, stamp curator at the British Museum, "collect for the sheer fun of it, for the history of the stamps, for their beauty—and for something else that really cannot be described."

—CARTER S. WISEMAN with FRANCES VEEDER in New York, DAVID EGLI in Geneva, MALCOLM MacPHERSON in London, and bureau reports

ADVERTISING:

OPEC's Image

Oil-exporting countries tarnished their images badly when they clamped an embargo on oil shipments and quadrupled prices in 1973. But two U.S. opinion molders believe that this tattered reputation is undeserved and that—with their help—it can be markedly improved.

To do that, Reader's Digest representatives went to the Vienna headquarters of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries last January with proposals for a \$4 million advertising program. Displaying newspaper headlines from around the world that condemned OPEC, the Digest delegation suggested that much of the hostility stemmed from misinformation about the oil cartel. "For example, we noted that many people mistakenly believe that OPEC is composed only of Arabs—and that all OPEC nations joined in the 1973 embargo," Richard McLoughlin, director of operations for the magazine, said last week. As a remedy, the Digest recommended to the oil producers that they buy three-page ads explaining their story in all of the magazine's monthly editions, which are printed in thirteen languages and sold in 170 countries.

In a separate move, PKL Advertising, Inc.—a New York agency known as a hot, creative firm a decade ago when it handled Xerox Corp. and other big accounts—submitted its own proposals to OPEC. "Americans just don't realize that the oil nations have certain legitimate interests," said PKL president John Shima. People should understand that OPEC oil isn't going to last forever and thus oil nations must get the most they can for their oil while it lasts, he claimed. So the agency suggested a \$10 million advertising campaign using television, newspapers and magazines to reach 95 per cent of all the adults in the United States. It would try to produce "a positive, informed attitude toward the oil producers."

So far neither PKL nor the Reader's Digest has received a reply from OPEC on their bids. But McLoughlin is optimistic that the OPEC nations will agree to at least part of the magazine's proposal at their June meeting in Gabon.

Worldwide Stocks

Most Active Issues Traded April 28-May 2, 1975

1974-75		Close	
High	Low	April 25	May 2
HONG KONG			
8.9	1.26 Hutchison	H\$ 2.6	2.75
32.5	7.89 HK Shgh. Bk. (L)	H\$ 15.5	14.8
7.45	2.2 Kowloon Motor Bus	H\$ 5.35	5.35
23	6.25 HK & Kw. Wharf	H\$ 12.9	12.4
33.25	11.25 Jardine Matheson	H\$ 28.9	28.9
3.65	.88 New World Dev.	H\$ 1.43	1.49
6.25	1.25 Wheelock Mar. 'A'	H\$ 2.8	2.85
9.95	3.5 HK Land	H\$ 7.05	6.9
TOKYO			
349	196 Taisei Const.	Yen 321	346
338	163 Konishiroku Photo	Yen 243	266
500	261 Mitsui & Co.	Yen 478	500
196	101 Sanyo Electric	Yen 175	194
620	320 Daiwa House	Yen 571	618
412	119 Tokai Electrode	Yen 393	400
230	122 Nippon Sanso	Yen 227	224
382	247 Toppan Printing	Yen 365	377
SYDNEY			
.5	.39 Ampol Petroleum	A\$.4	.41
1.27	.64 Thomas Nt. Trsp.	A\$ 1.04	1.02
2.85	1.7 Thiess	A\$ 2.22	2.17
1.95	1.34 MIM Holdings	A\$ 1.92	1.95
.39	.1 Oil Search	A\$.37	.39
1.41	1.13 Aust. Min. & Smlt.	A\$ 1.29	1.27
6.3	4.07 Bk. of N.S.W.	A\$ 6.12	6
.99	.54 Wdsd. Bur. Oil	A\$.61	.64
SINGAPORE			
4	1 Haw Par Bros. Int.	S\$ 2.57	2.64
4.92	1.47 Sime Darby	S\$ 3.36	3.42
1.03	.415 San Holdings	S\$.74	.76
3.72	1.51 D.B.S.	S\$ 3.1	3.22
2	.75 Faber Merlin	S\$ 1.08	1.1
1.9	.63 City Devpt.	S\$ 1.34	1.39
2.58	1.06 Malayan Credit	S\$ 2.26	2.27
5.7	1.7 Un. Overseas Bk.	S\$ 4.54	4.78
NEW YORK			
34%	15 Polaroid	\$ 30%	30%
12%	5% Comwlth. Oil	\$ 11%	11%
27%	21% Texaco	\$ 23%	23%
65%	38% U.S. Steel	\$ 64%	64%
62%	43 Minn. MM	\$ 58%	62%
51%	44% Am. Tel. Tel.	\$ 48	50%
66%	40% Un. Carbide	\$ 63%	66%
81%	50% Xerox	\$ 71%	78
TORONTO			
17.875	9.75 Bow Valley Ind.	C\$ 15.5	17.625
1.75	.80 Glendale	C\$.82	1.17
28.50	21.25 Int. Nickel 'A'	C\$ 26.50	27.875
28.75	21.75 Imperial Oil 'A'	C\$ 26.875	28.5
17.125	13.625 Can. Pacific	C\$ 15.75	16
24.75	18.75 Alcan Alum.	C\$ 23.375	23.375
18.125	13.375 Massey-Ferguson	C\$ 17	17.25
2.24	.95 Scott. & York	C\$ 1.80	2.09
ZURICH			
3950	2050 Nestle Bearer	Fr 3370	3325
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724	400 Ste. Bque. Suisse	Fr 545	555
1010	565 Oerlikon-Buehrle	Fr 900	1010
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945	620 Ciba-Geigy Nom.	Fr 720	730
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87.3	54 Thyssen-Huette	DM 87.3	79.5
350	222 Deutsche Bank	DM 348	349
LONDON			
249	115 ICI	p 237	240
68	49 GKN 'New'	p —	62½
127	50 Courtaulds	p 108	109
136	47% GEC	p 116¼	112½
345½	149¼ Brit.-Am. Tobacco	p 304¼	297¼
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398½	152 Unilever	p 369½	358½
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3281	1061 Carrefour	Fr 2264	2271
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218	89 C.S.F.	Fr 215.5	214.9
249.8	103.1 Thomson-Brandt	Fr 213.5	215

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Chita Rivera and Gwen Verdon strutting in 'Chicago'

"I'd heard about ballplayers and dancers slowing down around 30," mused **Gwen Verdon**. But hearing is not necessarily believing, and the dancing superstar, now a remarkably lissome 50, is still able to keep her nimble art from becoming a terpsi chore. What's the secret of not slowing down as a dancer? "I think you can do it as well, but not as often," said Verdon, a four-time Tony winner ("Can-Can," "Damn Yankees," "New Girl in Town" and "Redhead") who is about to hoof her way back to Broadway in "Chicago." She and an equally agile **Chita Rivera**, 45, play a pair of accused murderers who get sprung from prison and find a legitimate way to knock 'em dead—in a nightclub act.

"Gentlemen don't prefer blondes," said author **Anita Loos**, 82, contradicting the title of her best-known book. She told a Town Hall audience in New York that the diamond-digging Lorelei Lee she wrote about half a century ago is now passé. "If I were writing that book today," said Loos, "I'd call it 'Gentlemen Prefer Gentlemen'."

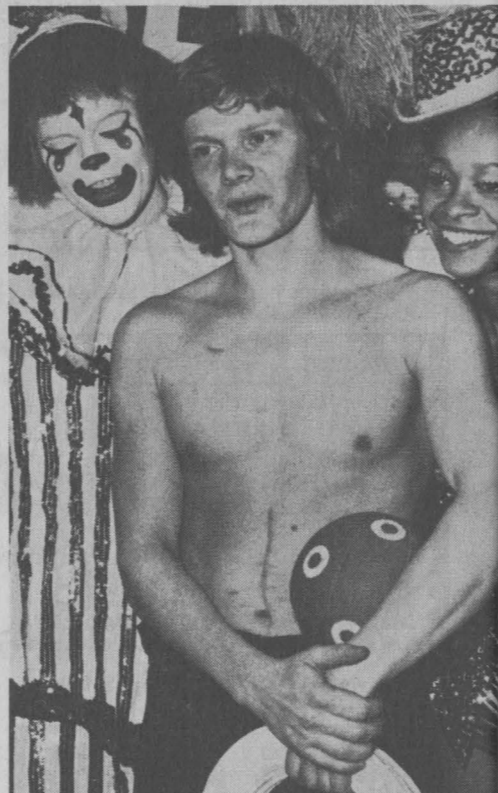
French aerialist **Philippe Petit**, 25, is famous for his unauthorized tightrope walk last August between the twin towers of the World Trade Center, 1,350 feet above the sidewalks of New York. "Everybody in the U.S. thinks of me as a little black dot," says Petit, who wants the public to get a closer look at him in action. He has joined the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus and is

making his big-time debut under the big top at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden this week. Injured in a fall while training with the circus in Florida during the winter, Petit feels he is now sufficiently recovered to strut his stuff on the high wire in his customary style—without a net.

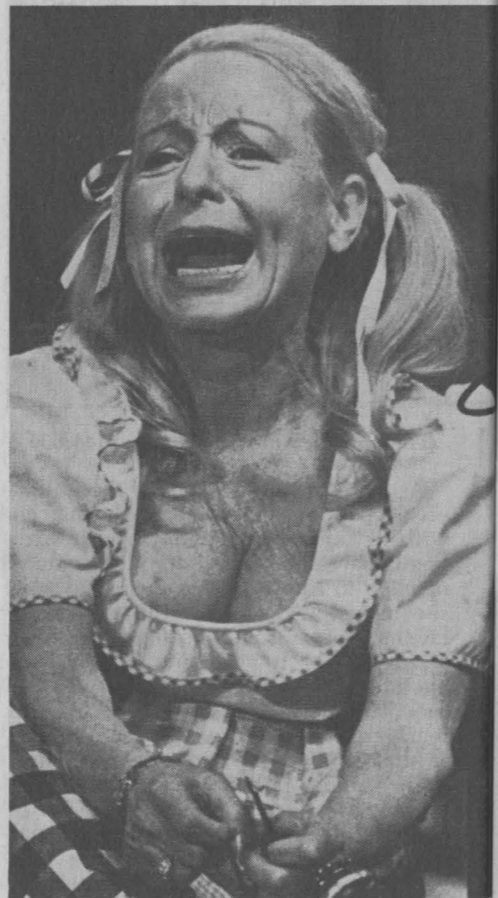
The newest Nashville sound is **Martha Mitchell's** celebrated voice raised in song. "My mother at one time was determined that I should be an opera singer," said the former Cabinet wife as she made the wish come true—after a fashion—by performing with the Grand Ole Opry. Taping a **Mike Douglas** show with the country-music troupe, she joined the TV host and Opry stars **Minnie Pearl** and **Roy Acuff** in singing "If You Love Me Half as Much as I Love You." Then Martha buckled on a pair of tap shoes to take part in a clog stomp that sounds like her kind of dance; the idea is to make as much noise as possible.

When her boots come out of the stirrups, jockey **Mary Bacon** tends to plant one foot in her mouth. "We're not just a bunch of illiterate Southern nigger-killers," said the outspoken rider, addressing a recent Ku Klux Klan rally covered by television reporters in Louisiana. "We're good white Christian people, hard-working people, working for a white America. Maybe when one of your wives or one of your sisters gets raped by a nigger, maybe you'll get smart and join the Klan." Bacon's inflammatory re-

NEWSMAKERS



Philippe Petit under the big top



Martha Mitchell in the Grand Ole Opry



Mary Bacon as a Revlon model

marks and admitted membership in the Klan have since deprived her of offtrack purses; Dutch Masters cigars canceled a contract that would have paid her \$3,500 for TV commercials, and Revlon not only dropped her from its promotional stable but destroyed leftover photographs of Bacon endorsing the firm's line of Charlie cosmetics. She intends to stay in the Ku Klux Klan despite the furor and the prospect of further notoriety. "My personal life is up to me. The next time I get my picture on the cover of NEWSWEEK," she predicted wryly, "it'll be in a hood, not a helmet."

Retired at 25 from the frenetic travels of a rock-singing idol, **David Cassidy** can count among his souvenirs an exotic photograph of himself in what was actually a rather mundane setting: an ordinary hotel room in Melbourne, Australia, when Cassidy was on a tour. The picture was snapped by Italian movie star **Gina Lollobrigida**, who doubles as a professional photographer. In deference to her



David Cassidy as Gina Lollobrigida's subject at 'Roman banquet'

nationality, Cassidy chose to pose as if he were reclining at a Roman banquet—for which he ordered roughly a chariotload of fruit. "It cost about \$800 or something outrageous like that," he recalls. "We ended up eating about half of it afterward. We had a feast."

The ice was 6 feet thick in Resolute Bay, less than 1,000 miles from the North Pole in the Canadian Arctic. The water below was so cold that anyone venturing into it unprotected could have been frozen stiff—literally and permanently—in 30 seconds. According to Prince Charles, "it was bloody cold down there" even in two sets of long johns and a diving suit inflated with warm air. When he came back up through a hole in the ice, the Prince grinned for photographers in his blubbery rubber suit, then pressed the deflation button and began flopping around like a punctured balloon. He was still in a comic mood that night at a dinner at which he and his staff entertained by exchanging song parodies with the newsmen covering the royal tour. "Oh, where may I ask is the monarchy going," chorused Charles and his retinue in a verse he wrote himself, "When princes and pressmen are in the same Boeing."

—BILL ROEDER with SANDRA GARY

TRANSITION

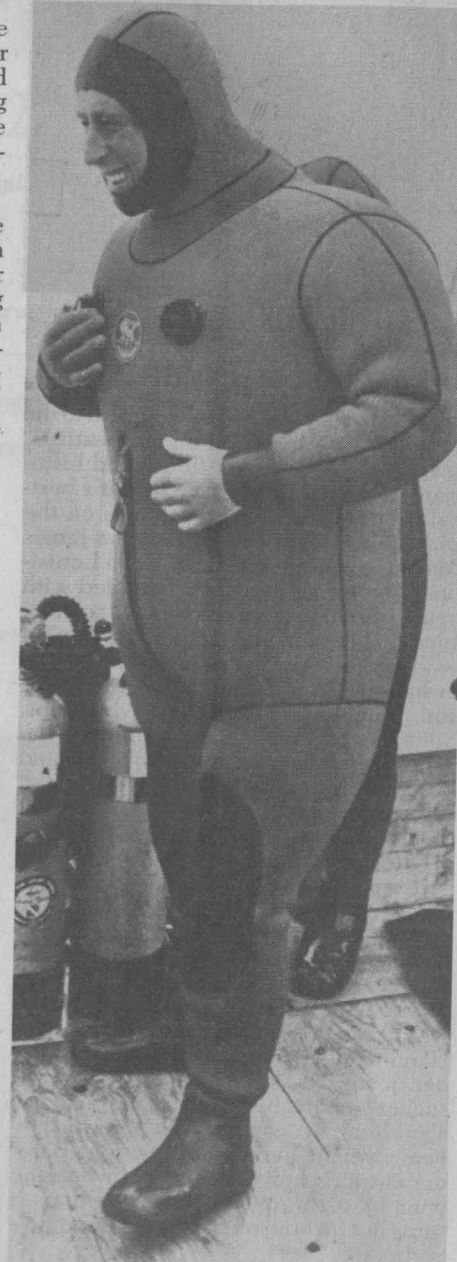
ENGAGED: **Evonne Goolagong**, 23, Australia's part-Aborigine tennis star, and **Roger Cawley**, 25, a London metals broker and amateur tennis player who met Goolagong at Wimbledon in 1970.

DIVORCED: **Maggie Smith**, 40, Academy Award-winning British actress; from her actor husband Robert Stephens on grounds of his adultery with an unnamed woman. Miss Smith won an Oscar in 1970 for her role as a prim schoolteacher in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie."

DIED: **Queen Mother Sisowath Kossamak** of Cambodia, 71, mother of Prince Noro-

dom Sihanouk; of cancer, in Peking, April 27. The Queen joined her son in exile in China in 1973. Her failing health delayed Sihanouk's return to Cambodia after he was named Chief of State for life by the country's new Communist government two weeks ago.

■ **Stephen A. Tolbert**, 53, Finance Minister of Liberia; in a plane crash, April 28. A brother of the Liberian President and a controversial political figure, Tolbert was credited with wiping out corruption in his ministry and tripling government revenues during the three years he held the finance portfolio.



Prince Charles in diving suit



Norton (right): Eating his opponents

Down on the Farm

MANDINGO is calculated to appeal to the broadest possible audience—sadists, masochists, bigots, sex fiends and historians. Adapted from Kyle Onstott's best-selling novel about dirty doings on the plantation in 1840, the film stars James Mason as Maxwell, patriarch of a Louisiana slave-breeding farm. Troubled with acute rheumatism, Maxwell is so hobbled that he can only talk about "wenches" (black women), which leaves the arduous task of breaking them in to his son, Hammond (Perry King), who limps. Somehow the work gets done and the "suckers" (black babies) grow big and are sold, bringing an especially good price if they are Mandingos, or pure-bred Sudanese.

One day, Hammond comes home with a new wife, Blanche (Susan George), who is not quite as new as he thinks—she slept with her brother at 13. When Hammond finds out, he is ever so mad and seldom touches her again, which drives her "zany." She takes to horse-whipping the furniture, then turns on Hammond's "knocked wench," kicking her down the stairs until she "slips her sucker" (aborts her fetus). Hammond has also brought home Mede, played by heavyweight fighter Ken Norton. Hammond trains him for the ring, where he wins by eating his opponents. But as it turns out he is also training for Blanche's bedroom.

Director Richard Fleischer tries to hide what he's shooting in a haze of orange interiors but we can see the

MOVIES

ending a mile away, especially when Blanche starts "craving" to see Mede. We know this is one film that will never give a sucker an even break.

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Hooray for Hollywood

Although he died 35 years ago, Nathanael West remains the most contemporary of writers. His slim, coolly ironic novels are more than records of their time—they are miracles of prophecy. **THE DAY OF THE LOCUST** describes the longings and marginal life-style of a handful of hangers-on in the Hollywood of the late 1930s. But, in its mordant tone and its vision of an America hurtling toward apocalypse, it is as current as today's disaster movies.

The job of committing West's vision to the screen falls to the best British director working today, John Schlesinger, who showed a keen eye for the garish and gothic in American life with the Academy Award-winning "Midnight Cowboy." He is less successful here. West's understated, deadpan irony levitated even the heaviest, most grotesque elements of his material. But Schlesinger eagerly celebrates all that is theatrical, flamboyant, tawdry, even to the point of inventing a big, florid scene of a faith-healing rally that is as obvious as it is familiar.

Sometimes, these spectacular sequences work wonderfully, for Schlesinger is a master of mass movement and montage. His harrowing depiction of the collapse of a set during the shooting of the Battle of Waterloo symbolizes the pitfalls of a culture built on illusions. It also prefigures the film's breathtaking finale in which a gala movie premiere turns into an apocalyptic riot, expressive of a society West viewed as hungry for blood and violence.

But even here Schlesinger is moved to sledgehammer the audience with newspaper headlines forecasting World War II. This impulse toward the obvious grows ruinous when Schlesinger turns it toward West's magical menagerie of characters.

Fame: Faye Greener, the central figure in both book and film, is a glittering, predatory bitch goddess, all actressy airs and fan-magazine chatter, but with her talons at the ready to hook into anything that will carry her to fame. West was fascinated by her strange mix of innocence and appetite, qualities captured in a marvelously volatile performance by Karen Black. But Schlesinger ultimately sees Faye in simpler, more sentimental terms—as that crowning cliché, the miserable, unloved little ingenue hungering to fill her emptiness with fame. In the same way, William Atherton, as set designer Tod Hackett, no longer plays an Eastern puritan ensnared by Faye, but a sensitive idealist too decent to get the girl.

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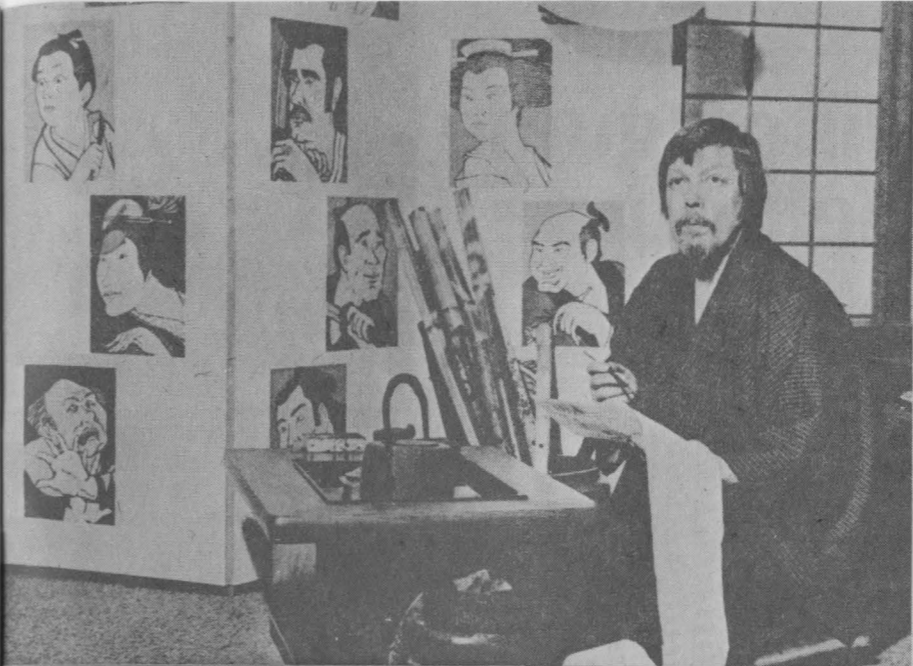
darkly perverse relationship with her catatonic benefactor, the lonely, lizard-like Homer Simpson. Faye tortures Simpson because she cannot answer his devotion—or, at least, that is Schlesinger's sentimental explanation for his heroine's sadism. Trapped in this trite conception, Donald Sutherland, for all his beautifully rabbitly vulnerability, is allowed to strike but a single adoring note until Faye finally leaves him. Then Schlesinger requires whining and tears that reduce his tragedy to bathos.

This is a visually rich movie. Schlesinger and cinematographer Conrad Hall turn Hollywood in its heyday into a quintessentially American brothel: a pornographic party, at once sinister and silly, attended by movie-world big shots; a transvestite nightclub electric with eroticism; a bloody cockfight. Waldo Salt's screenplay is essentially faithful to the original material and especially resourceful in locating visual equivalents for the inner reveries of West's characters.

Schlesinger's departures from West's book cannot be faulted as violations of a sacred text. The movie begs comparison with the book only because every alteration has made the story so much less interesting and intriguing than its source. Obvious and mushy beneath its dazzling surface, the film fails on its own terms. One can only hope that the accompanying fanfare widens the circulation of the novel, as happened with "The Great Gatsby." For we have finally come to see our country as West did: as both innocent and corrupted, driven by idealism and greed toward violence. West was ahead of his time. That time is now.

—P. D. Z.

Black: Glittering bitch goddess



ART



cut of carp banners

ryday sights and sounds of Kyoto. And he is these artists who shun have turned instead to abstracts or "pretty landscape people." As Karhu sees it "as though they might to create art that's nin-smells too much of hu-ys what people do every want to get dirty. But born from." Karhu also considers Japan's "tend-disregard the past and er modern country." In says, the Japanese are ple and beautiful things m pleasure in the past, g the wooden bath that nd makes you feel warm nfortable tile tub."

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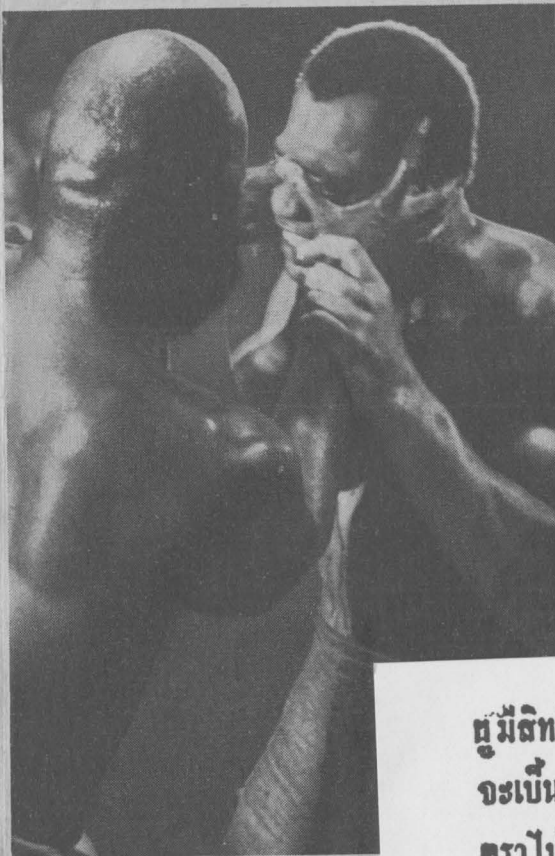
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the years he became adept at a variety of Japanese art forms ranging from *netsuke* carving to *sumie*. But his primary specialty has been woodcut prints in the classic style of *Ukiyo-e* (literally "floating world pictures"). Depicting an older Japan of wooden houses, tile rooftops, paper lanterns and umbrellas, traditional industries, festivals and kabuki, his works, some critics say, capture the spirit of Japanese life far more successfully than even those of native Japanese. "I picked the woodcut as a medium simply because I like physical things," he explains. "Different artists have different needs—surrealism, realism, impressionism—but me, I like what I see, so the idea of my working in an abstract realm would be ridiculous."

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Norton (right): Eating

MOVIES

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ไม่ค้องตนักครา
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Down on the Fa

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ART



Karhu (left); woodcut of carp banners

The Blue-Eyed Japanese

Clifton-Karhu is an anomaly. At a time when many of Japan's young artists are going abroad in almost frantic pursuit of the latest trends in technique, Karhu is settled calmly in his Kyoto studio working in *hanga* (woodcuts), an age-old art form that is something of an endangered species. To a remarkable degree, Karhu's prints, with their bold lines and vivid colors, capture the nuances of a Japan that is fast disappearing. But most unusual of all, this preserver of an ancient Japanese tradition is a 48-year-old *gaijin* (foreigner) whose roots stretch back to the very un-Japanese setting of Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A.

The scion of a family of American painters, Karhu first went to Japan in 1946 as a young GI and served a two-year stint with the U.S. occupation forces. He returned to Japan with his wife in 1955 as a Christian missionary and then decided to settle there "more or less permanently" and pursue a career as an artist. Over the years he became adept at a variety of Japanese art forms ranging from *netsuke* carving to *sumie*. But his primary specialty has been woodcut prints in the classic style of *Ukiyo-e* (literally "floating world pictures"). Depicting an older Japan of wooden houses, tile rooftops, paper lanterns and umbrellas, traditional industries, festivals and kabuki, his works, some critics say, capture the spirit of Japanese life far more successfully than even those of native Japanese. "I picked the woodcut as a medium simply because I like physical things," he explains. "Different artists have different needs—surrealism, realism, impressionism—but me, I like what I see, so the idea of my working in an abstract realm would be ridiculous."

At first, Karhu's work was viewed as

something of an oddity by Japanese art lovers and writers alike. But he soon gained increasing acceptance. And in 1968, he made his first big breakthrough when Osaka's giant Matsushita Electric Co. began commissioning him to create its widely distributed annual wall calendars (Karhu was first selected for the job because the company could not find a good locally born artist still producing in the *hanga* genre). Four years later his work gained a large measure of international exposure when an American TV network engaged him to sketch scenes for its satellite coverage of the Winter Olympic Games at Sapporo. Since then, he has had any number of highly successful one-man shows of his works in Japan, including a series of exhibitions last month in Tokyo, Nagoya and Gifu.

Exquisite: Today, Karhu is the only foreign member of the Japan Woodblock Printers Association and the only non-Japanese to be included in the recently published "Who's Who in Modern Japanese Prints." And, no less a personage than Shiko Munakata, Japan's foremost woodcut artist and a winner of Emperor Hirohito's prestigious Medal of Culture, paid the American artist an unprecedented compliment by writing an introduction to a soon-to-be-published book of Karhu prints. "I am not sparing in my praise of his works," says Munakata. "They must be included among the miraculously exquisite displays of . . . Japan's national art. They could only have been made by a man who has grasped the inner secret of the density and humility of *hanga*."

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tion from the everyday sights and sounds of his home city of Kyoto. And he is critical of Japanese artists who shun *Ukiyo-e* and have turned instead to Western-style abstracts or "pretty landscapes and pretty people." As Karhu sees it, these artists act "as though they might be embarrassed to create art that's *nin-gen kusai*, that smells too much of humanity, that shows what people do every day. They don't want to get dirty. But that's what art is born from." Karhu also mourns what he considers Japan's "tendency to want to disregard the past and become any other modern country." In the process, he says, the Japanese are "discarding simple and beautiful things which gave them pleasure in the past, like substituting the wooden bath that smells so good and makes you feel warm for a cold, uncomfortable tile tub."

For his part, Karhu expresses some amusement when told that he has become more Japanese than the Japanese. Yet he is fluent in their language and shuns Western-style dress for a kimono. He also concedes that, with each visit back to his own homeland, he feels more and more out of place in America. "People there—all speaking English, all so big, so sloppy-looking, so much in a hurry—I'm not used to them," he says. The thing that has attracted him to Japan—specifically to Kyoto—is that "I feel the way they do," he says. "I like old things and the reserved attitude that Kyoto people have." While he still denies that he is a full-fledged expatriate, Karhu admits that he is deeply immersed in his adopted surroundings. Indeed, he was delighted when, during a recent Tokyo TV show on his life and works, a newspaper editor called him a "blue-eyed Japanese." Karhu regards the description as the ultimate compliment.

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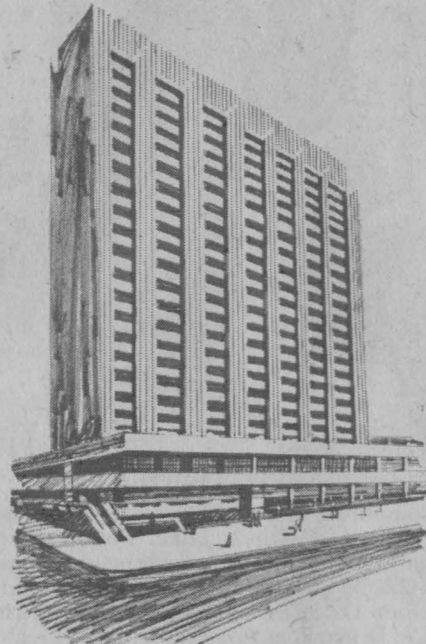
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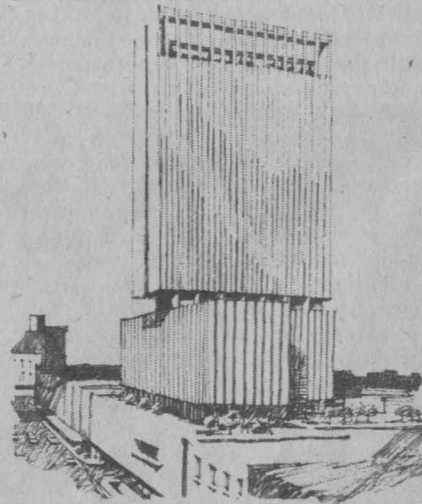
You'll find La Trobe's pioneer cottage here and lots of smart shops and fine restaurants on Toorak Road.



Artful Ambience. If you're an art buff, you'll enjoy going back to the hotel for a snack in the **Gallery Coffee Shop**. Australian paintings on loan from local galleries in the area line the walls. The ceiling is timbered beautifully, as it is in the **Clarendon Bar**. This magnificent type of woodwork is used all over the hotel, most notably in the **Cliveden Room Restaurant**, which has the original carved oak from the Cliveden Mansions. Tap-

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The Unhappy Prince

EDWARD VIII. By Frances Donaldson. 477 pages. Lippincott. \$15.

In the last 60 years Europeans have impressed upon the princes they still tolerate the need to remain sensible to limits of law and propriety. But in America a long indifference to royalty seems to have shriveled our republican instinct to treat it rudely. Consider the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Expelled by the British, who properly saw the abdication as an incomprehensible dereliction of duty, they were received here not with howls of democratic execration, but as tragic lovers, fit to receive obeisance and photographers.

I had always thought their story, sentimentalized by the press and by the

and self-assured and who looked like "a wistful choir boy" became moody, irresponsible, set on doing only what pleased him. Three times he fell in love, always with married women.

Soon after he met the twice-married American, Wallis Simpson, he began behaving with "deliberate exhibitionism" and "determined indiscretions." Wallis, who was not pretty but gay and attractive to men, liked the jewels and yachts that came with Edward. She never really understood that her divorces prevented her from becoming Queen of England; she thought, and the King may have, too, that his determination would set everything right. Very soon Edward dissipated his popularity. "He had," Donaldson writes, "only the haziest notions of the behaviour proper to a constitutional monarch." Stanley Baldwin, the



Windsors meet Hitler, 1937: Trying to escape the throne he never wanted

Windsors themselves, too tacky to take seriously. But Frances Donaldson has convinced me that it *was* serious: Edward may have been the last King to think he could do whatever he wanted; his rash act precipitated a constitutional crisis that nearly brought down the British Government. The abdication seemed at the time particularly astonishing because Edward had been the most popular Prince of Wales in history, the most effective link ever between England and its Commonwealth, a King expected to modernize the British monarchy.

Born in 1894 into a secure tradition of royalty and raised by his father, George V, to mistrust excellence and disregard the intellect and spirit, Edward had a talent for princely conduct. He had great charm, was interested in others, made an art of smiling and shaking hands. But in time he grew restive; the energetic Prince who managed to be both diffident

Prime Minister, thought him rather more than a little mad.

Donaldson's biography treats the abdication crisis in exhaustive detail. She means not to write a history of Edward's time but an inquiry into the man and his problem, an account of a developing egotism that divorced Edward from reality and led him to flirt with the Nazis, to throw over everything to please a woman his country could never accept. She means to settle controversies and lay rumors to rest. She denies that Edward drank too much and dismantles the popular theory that the King fell victim to an Establishment plot. Now that those who knew Edward are thinning out, she criticizes the reliability of witnesses and memoirs. Disliking Edward, she musters some charity in his behalf and suggests that his determination on an impossible marriage may have been an attempt to escape a throne that he never wanted.

The brothers Grimm would have understood: he was a Prince transformed by a kiss into a frog.

—PETER S. PRESCOTT

Up the Mashmish

NATIVE INTELLIGENCE. By Raymond Sokolov. 228 pages. Harper & Row. \$7.95.

The tragicomic hero of "Native Intelligence" is a linguistic genius, Harvard '63, who volunteers for the U.S. Peace Corps and is sent to Qatab, the least-populated nation in Latin America. There he voyages up the Mashmish River to improve sanitation among the Stone Age Xixi tribe. Alan Casper is romantic and idealistic; his government is more practical. First, Alan happens to glimpse President Kennedy in a compromising position in Cambridge, Mass., so the farther he can be removed from civilization, the better. Second, it has been discovered that the Xixis live atop the world's largest deposit of U-235.

Raymond Sokolov's spy and elegant first novel is filled with put-ons—including a mind-crunching crossword puzzle of his brainy hero's devising and an arresting view of the televised mourning for John F. Kennedy as a tribal rite. With a happy excess of imaginative energy—like a medieval craftsman carving gargoyles his fellow-townsmen at ground level will never notice—Sokolov has invented not only a complex matrilineal social structure for his Xixis but a mythology, a grammar and a 500-word vocabulary, which does not fail to contain the Xixi terms for "threaten to cloud over," "wink or blink frequently" and "bird louse."

I particularly admire the offhand poise with which Sokolov invites us to zip through his book as a colonial farce à la Waugh, an exotic Rider Haggard adventure tale (there is a dazzling jaguar hunt, with blowguns for weapons) or as a do-it-yourself novel kit. The book pretends to be an assemblage of found objects—application to Harvard, newspaper clippings, excerpts from Alan Casper's diary and letters from his salty Radcliffe College fiancée and sweet, dumb mother—all gathered and prefaced by a Harvard classmate who breezily confides, "Really, I never liked him."

If you care to listen more closely, this journey of a super-literate into a preliterate world is a meditation on the failure of tongues. In delirium, veering between English and Xixi toward the end of the book, Alan puts it thus: "The point . . . is not culture versus nature but culture versus culture . . . They both have their own culture, and so they misunderstand each other." Sokolov's word games, leg-pulls and exuberantly detailed fantasies turn gravely affecting. "Native Intelligence" is both *challi* and *illaq*. Translated from the Xixi, that means "sly, funny" and "shining."

—WALTER CLEMENS

A Visit to Baikonur

In preparation for this summer's joint U.S.-Soviet manned space mission, American astronauts last week paid their first visit to the remote and secret site from which the Soviet Union launches its cosmonauts and space probes. When they returned to Moscow after their trip to Baikonur, the astronauts were interviewed by NEWSWEEK'S Moscow bureau chief Alfred Friendly Jr. His report:

The visit to the Baikonur cosmodrome was an unprecedented experience for the party of thirteen American astronauts and support personnel. They spent a full day at the ultra-secret launch site in

for the flight be letter-perfect. Thus when Apollo crew commander Thomas Stafford declared that "I never fly in a spacecraft that I haven't been in on the ground," the Russians had no choice but to open the Soyuz—and the Baikonur cosmodrome—to the U.S. crew. The visit came at the end of two weeks of training with the cosmonauts in Star City, the space center outside Moscow.

At Baikonur, after viewing the arrangement of the Soviet ship's exterior lights in its darkened shed, Stafford said he and his crew would know exactly what to expect when their craft approaches the Soyuz in July.

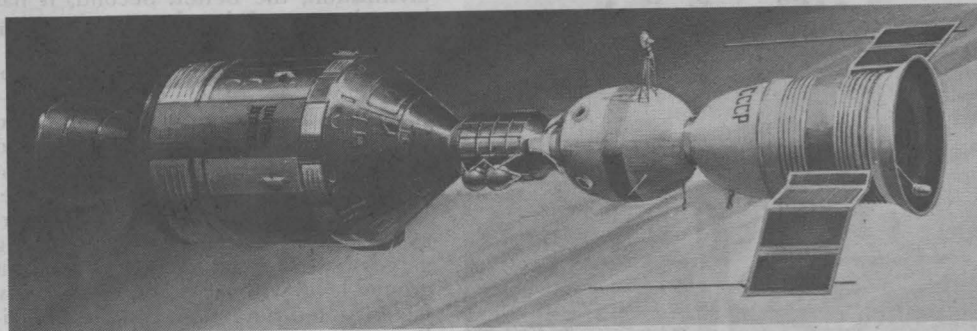
But this assessment was not entirely

will link the two craft consisted of nothing more than a 10-foot tube—too rudimentary to permit any rehearsals of the planned transfers between the spacecrafts. "The Soviets think they can fly this mission by the seat of their pants," groused one NASA expert. "That's light years away from our approach, which is to plan for all possible contingencies."

These worries seemed to have little impact on the fliers' relations with each other. "We're all test pilots, and test pilots are all alike," said Slayton. "They love to fly and they hate doctors." Soyuz



Novosti



Sketch of docked Apollo and Soyuz, space chief Shatalov: Let's not try to fly it just by the seat of our pants

Kazakhstan, about 1,300 miles southeast of Moscow. Despite restrictions placed on their movements by the security-conscious Russians, the space agency experts saw enough to convince them that the Soviet Union is continuing to put vast resources into its space effort. "I'd be very surprised if they weren't working on some advanced technology," said astronaut Deke Slayton, referring to assembly sheds that the party saw scattered throughout the rolling hills of Kazakhstan, "but we didn't see it."

What the technological tourists did see for the first time was a Soviet Soyuz spacecraft, together with its booster rocket and the turret-like launch pad from which both soar into space. Unlike its American equivalent, the pad is capable of revolving like a railroad roundhouse, to select the appropriate angle for lift-off. Just as intriguing was the Soviet system of holding the booster rocket on its pad only until it builds up enough thrust to overcome the force of gravity. U.S. rockets are retained on the pad until they achieve their maximum thrust.

Camaraderie: During the joint mission, which is scheduled to start on July 15, a two-man Soyuz craft will link up with a three-man Apollo spaceship for more than two days of crew exchange, orbital camaraderie and scientific experimentation. Throughout, the Americans have insisted that every detail of preparation



Tass from Sovfoto

Together: Leonov (left) and Stafford rehearse maneuvers in Soyuz trainer

shared by mission controllers on the American side of the exploit. Space agency technicians arriving in Moscow in advance of the astronauts were dismayed to find that the Russians had not completed flight plans for certain contingency operations. They were also distressed to learn that the Soviets have skimped on physical props for the actual training sessions. Thus the Star City simulator of the docking apparatus that

commander Aleksei Leonov, a man with a continual twinkle in his eyes, zeroed in on another area of total international accord—the shortcomings of space cuisine. "Your food is slop," he confided to an American friend, "and our food is slop."

What has been most impressive about the present training session and those that preceded it in Houston and Moscow has been the obvious chumminess

among the men who will fly together. "It's not the meeting of two pieces of hardware in space that makes this experiment important," declared Eugene Cernan, a onetime moonwalker who is a technical adviser for the joint flight. "It's the friendships that have built up over the last three years of working together. That's where the payoff will come in the future." The Russians evidently agree. At present they are training two crews of young men with no experience of space flight to make sure that they are ready to join any new cooperative program that might emerge as a result of July's unique mission.

NEWSWEEK'S Friendly also interviewed Maj. Gen. Vladimir A. Shatalov, a former cosmonaut who is now the director of cosmonaut training for the Soviet space program. Some excerpts from the interview:

Q. What does the future of the Soviet space program hold?

A. We will go on working on the long-term orbital stations, we will improve them, streamline some of their systems, prolong their period of work, improve the supply and on-board services, the scientific instrumentation and the length and number of such expeditions.

Q. Are you thinking about any plans for future joint projects?

A. Certainly, both the American and Soviet sides are thinking in terms of making sure that the July experiment this year will not be the only one, but it is too early to talk of any defined, agreed-on, concrete project.

Q. What about the possibilities of cost-sharing in constructing orbital stations?

A. It's correct that the problems involved in creating long-term orbiting platforms or in solving the common problems of all earthlings are uniform and alike. Maybe it's too early to speak about joint expeditions, space stations and so on, but as for me, I am personally convinced that future space explorations in long-term orbital stations, connected with flights to Mars, will be joint expeditions of our two countries or of many countries. Everything that is obtained in the course of such explorations is used for the benefit of all mankind, so obviously the cost must be borne by all countries, not just one.

Q. Are you ever worried that the interest or enthusiasm for the space program might be dwindling?

A. It is not right, I think, to worry whether everybody keeps interested in new space exploration. At the beginning, the interest appeared because of the attraction of a new venture. On the whole that was a temporary interest, as distinguished from the permanent, business-like interest of opening up outer space. The foundation of spaceflight is the concrete results it produces. And just as a man has not lost interest in flying, I don't think he will lose practical interest in space exploration.



UPI

Foolish Pleasure: Just fast enough

Looks Aren't Everything

For the first mile of last week's Kentucky Derby, the spotlight belonged to the flashy superstars from California. Avatar, the Santa Anita Derby winner ridden by the incomparable Bill Shoemaker, was the first to surge toward the lead. Then he was joined by the diminutive Diabolo, the California Derby champ. Bumping one another and swerving as they made their desperate efforts, the West Coast colts appeared to have the race to themselves—until they succumbed to the charge of a less glamorous horse named Foolish Pleasure.

Unimpressive to look at and perplexing to handicap, Foolish Pleasure was relaxing back in eighth place when jockey Jacinto Vasquez eased him into contention along the inside as the field moved down the backstretch. Then he steered him outside for a stretch run that was far too much for the California challengers. The time was a moderate 2 minutes 2 seconds, but as he usually does, Foolish Pleasure ran just fast enough to win.

The victory climaxed a grueling spring for trainer LeRoy Jolley and owner John L. Greer. After a poor performance in the Florida Derby, Foolish Pleasure returned to the barn bleeding from the soles of both front hooves. He came back to win the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, but as the Derby approached, Jolley and Greer heard many skeptics who insisted that Foolish Pleasure would be unable to handle the Derby distance. "People keep talking about the way he toes out when he walks," Jolley said after the Derby. "But right now, I'd like to go to the yearling sales and buy five more who look just as bad as this one."

Foreign Exchange

Country	\$1.00 is Worth*	Central Rate	
Australia	0.76	0.76	dollar
Bangladesh	15.00	8.00	taka
Brunei	2.38	2.34	ringgit
Burma	20.00	6.25	kyat
Canada	1.01	1.00	dollar
Fiji	0.82	0.80	dollar
France	4.22	4.60	franc
Germany (West)	2.37	2.67	mark
Hong Kong	4.90	5.085	dollar
India	8.85	8.15	rupee
Indonesia	425.00	415.00	rupiah
Israel	6.10	6.00	pound
Japan	293.00	308.00	yen
Kenya	10.00	7.14	shilling
Khmer Republic	000.00	0.00	riel
Korea (South)	540.00	485.00	won
Laos	3,500.00	606.00	kip
Lebanon	2.23	2.34	pound
Macau	5.20	5.085	pataca
Malaysia	2.27	2.34	ringgit
Nepal	11.80	10.56	rupee
Netherlands	2.39	2.78	guilder
New Caledonia	82.00	83.71	franc
New Zealand	0.79	0.76	dollar
Pakistan	9.95	9.90	rupee
Philippines	7.30	7.10	peso
Singapore	2.28	2.34	dollar
South Africa	0.75	0.67	rand
Sri Lanka	15.00	10.15	rupee
Switzerland	2.52	2.60	franc
Tahiti	82.00	83.71	franc
Taiwan	39.20	38.00	NTS
Tanzania	20.00	7.14	shilling
Thailand	20.50	20.00	baht
Uganda	40.00	7.14	shilling
Vietnam (South)	000.00	0.00	piastre

Pound is Worth* Central Rate

Egypt (U.A.R.)	1.40	1.70
Eire	2.34	2.40
Great Britain	2.34	2.40

*Based on May 2, 1975. Foreign Bank-note Selling Rates of DEAK & CO., (Far East) LTD., 406 Shell House, Hong Kong.

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'We Know We're Going Back'

The Tony, a small golden disk, is Broadway's equivalent of the Oscar—the highest award an actor on the American stage can receive. Last month the Tony for this year's best actor went to two extraordinary South African actors and playwrights, John Kani and Winston Ntshona. The pair are the co-stars and co-authors, with white playwright Athol Fugard, of two dramas which directly confront the dilemma of their country's apartheid system. One of these plays, "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead," is a stinging attack on the passbook system; the other, "The Island," is a searing portrayal of black prison life. Shortly before they won their award, Kani and Ntshona talked with NEWSWEEK'S Alan Field about their work and their homeland.

FIELD: Your plays are powerful theater and persuasive political arguments. Do you think of yourselves as playwrights and actors or as political activists?

KANI: Our work always tells the story of our lives. If by chance our lives are intermingled with politics, our work must reflect that.

NTSHONA: We believe that art is life and life is art. Any form of art without a social purpose just stinks of hollowness and emptiness.

Q. If South Africa is as repressive as you claim, why does the Vorster government allow you to perform your plays at home and abroad?

NTSHONA: We've never been able to answer that question.

KANI: We wouldn't really know what operates behind their minds. That's not our problem. But it's very difficult for any regime, whether Fascist, democratic or even Communist, to attack a piece of art directly. You can't tell people to stop acting. You've got to really find them doing something wrong.

Q. How did white South African audiences react to your plays?

KANI: The white audiences in South Africa were "liberals" who, because they were very sympathetic to the cause, could only react sympathetically.

Q. Were you surprised by the reactions to your work abroad?

KANI: We're surprised that the plays have so much relevance outside the country. For black people, it's like going deep inside a healing—or not healing—wound. For whites, it's like throwing their guilt into their hands. When a piece of art is provocative, it really pricks your conscience and you try to find out what part you play in the problem.

Q. How would you characterize the mood among blacks in South Africa? Are they hopeful or pessimistic?

NTSHONA: There would never be a "Sizwe" or "The Island" if everybody was pessimistic. Things must change. It's simple. No regime of the nature that we have in South Africa can outlast time.

Q. What part will the outside world have in bringing those changes?

NTSHONA: The outside world has always found opportunities to rant against atrocities perpetrated in South Africa. But no one outside the country ever gets around to doing anything. So South



Ntshona and Kani: 'When art is provocative, it pricks your conscience'

Africans are sick and tired of looking beyond the horizon. The onus lies within that society to better itself.

Q. Is there any room for compromise between whites and blacks? Can violent revolution be avoided?

NTSHONA: I'm not interested in compromise, revolution or other beautiful phrases we might use. What is at stake in South Africa is man's dignity. Man must greet man on an equal footing. That's the only thing everyone needs.

Q. Will the whites have to leave South Africa?

NTSHONA: No, nobody is saying that.

Q. Are there any white "liberals" on whom you can rely?

NTSHONA: A liberal is somebody operating from a privileged point of view who sympathizes with the struggle only as long as nothing he's trying to do touches his skin. As soon as things become too heavy, he opts out of the struggle and reclines on his comfortable, fat seat. That's a liberal anywhere in the world.

KANI: We haven't met a black liberal yet because blacks are always on the unfortunate side.

Q. Is the racial situation in South Africa fundamentally different from what it is elsewhere?

KANI: There are parallels. Racism in the U.S. is sort of an endemic disease, understood. But in my country it is a way of life, legalized.

Q. What are your plans when you return to South Africa? Are you going to write more plays?

KANI: Yes, we have a lot of ideas. In all

this, our work is guided and moved by immediate factors. We are not interested in doing "The French Revolution" or Shakespeare.

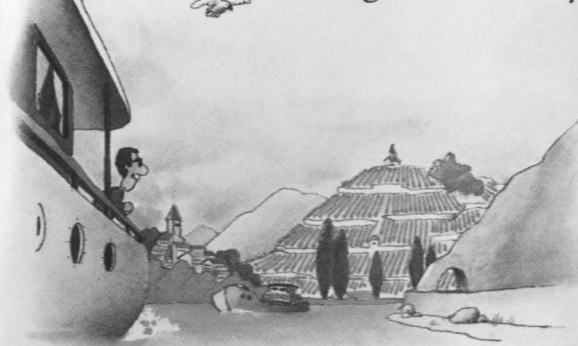
Q. Is there anything you can do to help other black South African artists?

KANI: Yes. We want to get them registered as artists. Black artists can't stand on their two feet and do professional work in South Africa. Most of them are registered as the "garden boys" of certain white liberals.

Q. Is there any danger your concern for theatrical success will outrun your social idealism?

NTSHONA: There's no chance of that cropping up. Success can never get into our heads, no matter what comes up in terms of recognition of our work. Because there's one thing we know: we operate basically within South Africa; that's where our work is centered. Now and again we get a chance to meet the outside world, but we can never forget what home is about and what's happening there. So we know we're going back.

If you've never taken a barge down the Rhône through wine country,



smelled the fresh herbs of Provence,



tasted bouillabaisse in Marseille



or met a Breton fisherman,



you can't say you've really seen France.

France really isn't just one country. It's more like 20. The people, the customs and the diversions are as different from one region to another as bouillabaisse is from truite normande.

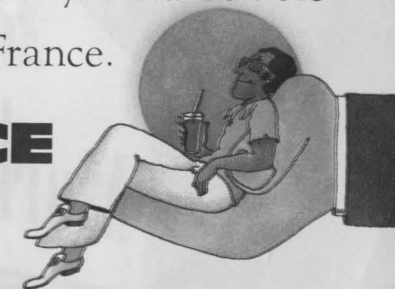
Did you know for example that there are over 300 different French cheeses, each one representing the personality of a little corner of France?


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